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MILITARY DESPOTISM IN FRANCE.

THE political atmosphere, like the physical, can be purged only by storms. There are seasons when all nature seems to sink prostrate beneath the paralysing influence of a close, heavy, sultry air; when the plants will scarcely grow, and the fruits cannot ripen, and man and beast together cry out for relief, helpless to put forth any exertion, or rid themselves of the oppressing, baneful power. Then comes the rage of the elements, and once more all nature lives. Having bowed to the blast, and suffered some measure of injury, she comes forth again to her work, and breathes in freedom that atmosphere which is now life-giving and invigorating. Such is the course also in the political condition of nations. From such a sweeping tempest is the metropolis of Paris now regaining health and vigour to work and live. Since the days of February a terrible, deadly power has brooded over her existence; like the dreaded *sirocco*, benumbing the whole social system, paralysing commerce, instilling universal mutual dread, driving the bold to hesitation, the timid to spare, drying up the streams of national wealth, forbidding any one man to exert his energies in any enduring work, and threatening to strike the vitals of the state with some frightful, mortal disease.

It is impossible to have watched the late alternate agitation and stagnation of France, without noting with anxious eye the tokens that she was thus threatened with social death beneath this desolating power. A whole nation has been struggling for life, hitherto with efforts more and more feeble and ineffective. The entire kingdom has been almost disorganised, and dissolution seemed about to ensue. At length the tempest has burst in the heavens, striking terror into every heart, and slaying its thousands of victims; but, as in the storms of nature, it has purified the atmosphere in which it raged, and at length Paris would seem to have some hope of life. The Government which is established under the presidency or dictatorship of General Cavaignac, is the first power that has been raised since

the downfall of Louis Philippe which has been any thing better than the mockery of a sovereign and executive authority. All others have been puppets, shows, and make-believes, who were set up for the purpose of being knocked down by the very men who had elevated them, as soon as the first capricious fit of displeasure should seize their unreasonable fancies.

We hail, then, a military dictatorship, as the only hope of France. No revolutionised country can exist without passing through such a state. We may dream as we please of the self-sufficing powers of good intentions, and mutual forbearance, and an intelligent and overwhelming middle-class, and all those other elements which are supposed to supply the place of *law*, in a kingdom in which the whole executive fabric has been dashed into fragments. Nothing but the soldier's sword can save such a state from all the horrors of anarchy. The sentiment may seem shocking and terrible; it may seem amazing from the lips of those who cordially love a perfect, practical liberty, and count war the curse of mankind; but we are confident that a few words will convince those who doubt, that thus, and thus alone, can a revolutionised people be saved.

We ask, then, in a word, when individuals and parties differ in a state which has no established authority, who shall enforce the submission of the minority to the majority? When debating is over, and the votes are counted, and there is a nearly equal balance between contending sides, who shall say to the multitudes who are beaten in the discussion, that mighty word, *obey*? The notion that such perilous seasons of division need not occur, is the wildest of hallucinations. The idea that millions can agree in the *means* for self-government is utterly preposterous and absurd. *Tot homines, quot sententia*. Each man believes himself in the right; each man accounts his opponent's opinions as fraught with evil; each is stimulated by pride, obstinacy, rashness, ignorance, and all the passions which are the inevitable lot of frail mortals; and is it not madness to suppose that a countless multitude of such beings can act in concert in reorganising the supreme powers of a mighty empire, and not incessantly differ, clash, dispute, and struggle for supremacy? And is it not equally futile to anticipate a peaceful yielding on the part of the weaker party, unless under the potent influence of fear? Are men all saints and angels, that they should brook the dominant supremacy of an antagonist, and count it a privilege to obey, and a glory to suffer? Surely there never was a more groundless theory upheld, than the notion that anything less than the *strong arm* can create a permanent government where none at present exists. There must be *some* power to decide and enforce the will of the majority; there must be *some* ultimate tribu-

nal; some depository of that vigour which can alone give strength to law, and permanency to the constitution of a kingdom.

Now let us look around, and ask where such an ultimate power is to be found, save in a military chieftain. He alone is prepared by previous exercise to rule. He alone has at his command, through the force of the soldier's enthusiasm and his habits of obedience, a sufficient power to compel the reluctant to yield. He alone has an organised body at his command. He alone possesses that unity of action without which the most profound counsel is as the idle wind. Neither kingdom, nor family, nor institution, neither temporal nor spiritual power, can exist, unless there be some supreme tribunal which can enforce obedience from those who will not otherwise yield.

A divided empire is a byword among men. There must be either the force of habit, and deeply-rooted and long-enduring ideas and associations, to give any actual authority to a Government, or it must fall to pieces before the breath of popular tumult and the craft of designing scoundrels. In England law reigns supreme. It is a species of embodied idea in the Englishman's mind. It is his king, his father, his friend; alas, sometimes it is his god! But be this as it may, it reigns over us all with the unity of the undivided action of a despotic prince, and before its majesty the tens of thousands of armies and navies fall down and do homage. Such also is the unity of the Catholic Church. Its members and its men in authority yield an absolute obedience to its laws, as the laws of God; and that, not only in the abstract form, in which law is worshipped in England, and interpreted by the twelve judges, but as springing from one living centre of unity, whose administrative power is the ultimate supreme authority, and before which all yield the same entire obedience which is yielded by an unarmed multitude to the will of a sovereign, possessing both the authority of right and the force of myriads of soldiery. These and other similar institutions *live*, they exist by their own inherent vitality; by that moral force which has triumphed over the mere brute violence of the strongest arm.

Mark, too, the fate of other revolutionised kingdoms. What would America have been but for the soldier Washington? The world admires the patriot with such an ardent glow, that it forgets that he brandished the warrior's sword, and that he had a power to compel obedience from those who were too proud or too wild to yield to reason. The very fate of the banished Monarch now resident on our shores is a proof of the impotence of every power which is not based either on habits of obedience to constitutional law or on the physical force of a devoted band of soldiery. Louis Philippe was neither king of a free and obedient people nor a despotic autocrat with myriads of troops at his command. He might have been the former, but he scorned the noble elevation; he would fain have become the latter, and perished in the wild attempt. People and army both failed him, and he fell. Even had he succeeded by a vigorous resistance in quelling the first outbreak of the Parisian mob, even a child may see that he must have been hurled from his throne in the end, because he had no home in the hearts of his soldiery.

Ardently, therefore, as we love the blessings of freedom, we hail the advent of something like a military despotism as the safeguard of France, and the security of Europe. Let us not shrink from the hard-sounding words. A "military despot" is a monster in the eyes of Englishmen; but can any other reduce the chaos of

an empire to order, and re-establish confidence in the minds of millions? A military despot *may* be a model for all sovereigns. He may be, indeed, a tyrant, abhorred by Heaven and by men,—too often the soldier-prince has been the curse of his race; but it is not essential to his nature that he should abuse his power, and tread his fellow-men under the heels of his battalions. At any rate, be he what he may, he alone, in some form or other,—modified, it may be, but yet a military autocrat still,—he alone can give to that struggling people any government at all.

What Cavaignac is, we know not yet. He has not been tried by the great tempter, power. He is said to be firm, brave, intelligent, and prudent. Others say he knows the force of vindictive passion, and that Emile de Girardin, the editor of the *Presse*, is the victim of personal vengeance. But whatever be the fact, hitherto he has done well. For the sake of Paris and France, for the sake of England and all Europe, for the sake of all that is most dear to our temporal and spiritual interests, we most earnestly trust that he may prove the Washington of his countrymen.

PERIODICALS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

THE principles and habits of thought of every age are to be better estimated from its periodical literature than from any other species of the productions of the mind. Books are comparatively designed for the few, and are written, for the most part, by men whose independence of character ill fits them for being taken as complete representatives of the spirit of their time. But a periodical author writes for the very day and hour when his work appears; and must, therefore, not only handle those topics only upon which the popular mind is engaged at the time of his publication, but he must appeal to that state of feeling and those recognised principles which animate the generation whom he seeks to amuse, to instruct, or to influence. If he is not essentially a man of the day in which he lives, either in one respect or in another, his words are wasted upon the air: posterity can do nothing for him; he must be heard at once, or never.

Periodical writing, also, ever aims at guiding or pleasing the many. It would strike far and wide, and commend itself to a much larger circle of readers than most professed "books" hope to attain. The low price at which periodicals are put forth makes a large circulation necessary to their very existence. Unless they so far reflect the spirit of their age as to constitute a kind of organ of some numerous class of the community, or an expression of those sentiments which fill the hearts of thousands, they cannot live. In obscurity they linger on for a while and perish.

Wide, therefore, as is the difference between the past age and the present, we ought to expect to see a most striking contrast existing between the periodical publications of the eighteenth and of the nineteenth centuries. The annals of mankind do not, perhaps, present so fundamental a change in all that most materially affects our destinies, as that which has resulted in this country during our lifetime and that of our fathers. It is difficult to realise the fact, that in 1748 England was so utterly unlike what she is in 1848. From the most hollow, the most heartless, the most abject of epochs, with the energy of a new life, we have advanced to a state of things which, whatever may be its defects, is one of the *best intentioned* which the world has ever known. And a corresponding contrast is certainly to be observed in the periodical works of the two periods. We are not speaking so much of the professed newspaper or the political organ of a party, as of that more general stream of thought which poured itself out in the works of Addison, Steele, and Johnson, and a host of similar essayists, but which has now turned itself so completely into other channels, that the old school of periodicals has completely disappeared from the world of literature. The occupation of the professed essayist is gone

for ever. The review, the newspaper, and the literary or scientific journal, have absorbed all that more earnest thought which disdains, or is unable to occupy itself with, the more trifling subjects of the magazine. Tatlers, Spectators, Guardians, Adventurers, and Ramblers, are no more. Where their names survive, it is in such a different connexion that they serve only to make more manifest the revolution in men's ideas of philosophy, religion, and amusement. Who would think now of bringing out a weekly paper consisting of essays on the follies of the ball-room, the foppery of St. James's Street, or the bickerings of the domestic circle? Conceive a London publisher attempting to sell a daily disquisition on some common-place principle of morals, rendered palatable to the unwilling reader by such names and personages as Sophronius, Modestus, Rusticus, or Camilla! Imagine a pastoral from the pen of D'Israeli, introducing a Wellington, a Peel, a Gladstone, under the guise of shepherds and farmers' boys! Think of Mr. Chadwick or Dr. Southwood Smith urging the necessity of sanitary reform, or Lord John Manners advocating the cause of national holydays, in an Eastern allegory, or a mythological vision! The contrast is too palpable to need a moment's exposition; and it is significative of one of the most rapid mental revolutions which history has to record. In a word, we have exchanged pretence and form, for reality and practical energy.

The old-fashioned essay having thus disappeared with the hooped petticoats and powdered curls of our forefathers, it may be interesting to some of our readers to recal the names of these productions of a past age, and of the authors who devoted their time and abilities to a mode of influencing their contemporaries which, in our own day, would have no more charms for the popular taste than the high-heeled shoes and the gigantic towers of hair which were of yore accounted the types of all beauty and elegance. So completely has the tide of periodicals set in another direction, that were it not for the recollection and fame of a few writers whose works will remain as long as the language in which they wrote, we should seem to be undertaking a species of archæological enterprise in giving a summary of the host of essayists who, with mingled wit and wisdom, discoursed of things grave and gay to the reluctant ears of their fellow-citizens.

1. The 'Tatler.' 1709. To Sir Richard Steele belongs the merit of giving the first impulse to the dormant literary life of his age, which called into birth the school of periodical essayists. Little had been done before his day; and nothing accomplished that could be supposed to have exercised any permanent influence in the periodicals of the time. On the 12th of April, 1709, appeared the first number of the Tatler. Steele was its projector, and for a short time it was carried on by him alone. The heads under which he proposed to divide its topics, and the supposed scenes of its incidents, speak in plain words the habits and tastes of the day for which he wrote. His arrangement consisted of: 1. gallantry, pleasure, and amusement; 2. poetry; 3. learning; 4. foreign and domestic news; and 5. miscellaneous subjects. These topics were to be discussed in White's Chocolate-house, Will's Coffee-house, the Grecian Coffee-house, St. James's Coffee-house, and at the apartment of the imaginary author, Isaac Bickerstaff.

Addison did not join in the authorship of the Tatler until the eighteenth number, when he first appeared with a paper on the distress of the news-writers. If the brilliancy of Steele's talents contributed not a little to the rapid success of the Tatler, its popularity was no less owing to the more refined taste and better morality of his less volatile coadjutor. It ran its course for nearly two years; and when collected into volumes, sold for the high price of one guinea. The whole was the work of Steele and Addison, with the exception of about a dozen papers by Swift, and a few contributions from occasional assistants. A crowd of competitors and imitators, as might be supposed, hastened to claim a share of public attention, "nibbling," as Addison said, "at the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff." Some of them even did not blush to appropriate the popular title itself. In two years after the commencement of the Tatler, appeared the following:

2. The 'Re-Tatler.'
3. The 'Condoler.'
4. The 'Female Tatler.' Full of scurrilous personalities; for which the author, Baker, got soundly cudgelled.
5. The 'Tory Tatler.'
6. The 'Tell-tale.'
7. The 'Gazette à la Mode.'
8. The 'Whisperer.'
9. The 'General Postscript.'
10. The 'Monthly Amusement;' by Ozell.
11. The 'Monthly Amusement;' by Hughes.
12. The 'Tatler, Volume Fifth.' A spurious rival of the genuine work.
13. The 'Tit for Tat.'
14. The 'Tatler;' by Baker: commenced when Steele's publication had ceased to live.
15. The 'Tatler;' anonymous.
16. 'Annotations on the Tatler.'
17. The 'Visions of Sir Heister Ryley.'
18. The 'Growler.'
19. The 'Examiner;' a Tory opponent to Steele and Addison; written with ability, but great rancour, by Bolingbroke, King, Prior, Atterbury, Friend, Swift, and Mrs. Mauley.
20. The 'Whig Examiner;' a Whig reply to the last, from the pen of Addison.
21. The 'Medley.' This took the place of the Whig Examiner, on its cessation, and carried on the war against Swift and his political connexions. It was chiefly written by Maynwaring and Oldmixon.
22. The 'Observer.' Swift, in his journal to Stella, thus exults over the death of the Observer: "Do you know that Grub Street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now, for love or money. I plied it pretty close the last fortnight, and published at least seven papers of my own, besides some of other people's; but now every single half-sheet pays a half-penny to the Queen. The Observer is fallen."
23. The 'Spectator.' This celebrated paper was commenced by Addison and Steele very soon after they gave up the Tatler; it was published daily, without interruption, from March 1st, 1711, till December 6th, 1712. On the 18th June, 1714, it was resumed, and published three times a week till the end of the year, when it finally ceased. Its sale, during its first existence, was estimated at no less than the enormous number of 14,000 daily. Johnson, however, gives a lower estimate. Budgell was the chief coadjutor of Steele and Addison in the Spectator, but various others contributed an occasional paper. Budgell's contributions, however, were but few compared to those of the two prolific writers of whose fame the Spectator is the origin.
24. The 'Tatler;' an Edinburgh publication.
25. The 'Rambler;' a periodical which had probably a short circulation, as only one copy, now in the British Museum, is believed to survive. It is not known whether Dr. Johnson was acquainted with this anticipation of the title of his essays, when he commenced his Rambler.
26. The 'Guardian.' In the interval between the completion of the seventh volume of the Spectator and the commencement of the eighth, Steele commenced a daily periodical with this title. It was more political than the Spectator, and speedily became involved in all the turmoil of the parties of the day. Steele was assisted in his labours by Addison, Berkeley, Pope, and Tickell. After carrying on the Guardian through one hundred and seventy-five numbers, Steele suddenly dropped it, and commenced another and similar paper, called
27. The 'Englishman.' This was more avowedly political and anti-ministerial; and so galling were its attacks upon the Tory party, that it brought upon its author's head the full weight of the majority in the House of Commons, of which Steele had recently become a member, and he was expelled the house.
28. The 'Lay Monastery;' a periodical chiefly written by Sir Richard Blackmore, the well known and voluminous author of poems, books of medicine, of theology, and of miscellaneous literature.
29. 'Mercator.'

30. The 'British Merchant.'

31. The 'Rhapsody.'

32. The 'Historian.'

33. The 'Lover.'

34. The 'Reader.' Two short-lived productions of the prolific and energetic mind of Steele.

35. The 'High German Doctor.' A trumpery and abusive periodical, the last of the series of papers which, during the lifetime of the Tatler and Spectator, imitated the form, the substance, and even the names of the great popular essayists. What they were for the most part, may be fairly judged from Swift's "Essay on the present state of Wit," published in 1711. "These writers," says Swift, "seemed at first to think that what was only the garnish of the former Tatlers, was that which recommended them, and not those substantial entertainments which they every where abound in. Accordingly, they were constantly talking of their nightcap, spectacles, and Charles Lillie. However, there were, now and then, some faint endeavours at humour, and sparks of wit, which the town, for want of better entertainment, was content to hunt after, through a heap of impertinences: but even those are at present become wholly invisible, and quite swallowed up in the blaze of the Spectator. They found the new Spectator come on like a torrent, and sweep away all before him; they despaired ever to equal him; and therefore chose rather to fall on the author, and to call out for help to all good Christians, by assuring them again and again, that they were the first, original, true, and undisputed Isaac Bickerstaff."

From the time when the Spectator was finished, in 1714, a long series of periodicals appeared, more or less on the same model; but, with the exception of Addison's and Steele's productions, none of any great value, until Johnson's Rambler appeared. The first was a pretended continuation of Addison's paper, and called

36. The 'Spectator, Volume Ninth.'

37. The 'Censor.'

38. The 'Town Talk;' a series of letters to a lady in the country, by Steele, telling all the town gossip of the day.

39. The 'Freeholder;' Addison's best political writing. It was published twice a week, and reached fifty-five numbers, from December 1715 to June 1716.

40. The 'Miscellany.'

41. The 'Hermit.'

42. The 'Surprise.'

43. The 'Silent Monitor.'

44. The 'Inquisitor.'

45. The 'Pilgrim.'

46. The 'Restorer.'

47. The 'Instructor.'

48. The 'Grumbler.' All these were of little merit.

49. The 'Ten-Table.'

50. 'Chit-Chat.' This and the preceding were both by Steele.

51. The 'Wanderer.'

52. The 'Entertainer.'

53. The 'Free Thinker,' conducted by Ambrose Philips, was a more able paper than most of its contemporaries. Its "free thinking" was not on religious subjects, in the usual sense of the word, and its general character was serious and argumentative, rather than political or anecdotal.

54. The 'Plebeian.'

55. The 'Old Whig.' These two papers were the source of the rupture between Addison and Steele. The Plebeian was brought out by Steele on the introduction of Lord Sunderland's Peerage Bill, for limiting the number of peers, and restraining the king from new creations, except on the extinction of a family already noble. The oligarchical spirit of this measure roused the indignation of Steele, and he brought out the first number of the Plebeian, to stir the nation to a sense of the threatened evil. Addison, not knowing its authorship, replied in a paper called the Old Whig. Steele rejoined in a mild temper; but Addison, in his second number, having learnt who was his opponent, attacked him acrimoniously, and lost himself so far as to call his old friend and coadjutor by the nick-name of "Little Dickey." Steele answered, still in good humour, but the blow was struck, and the long-standing friendship

severed; and Addison's death not long after prevented its renewal.

The five papers published next in succession were of small importance; they were

56. The 'Patrician.'

57. The 'Moderator.'

58. The 'Manufacturer.'

59. The 'British Merchant.'

60. The 'Weaver.'

61. The 'Theatre.' Steele's last effort in periodical publication, commenced to defend himself, when the irritation of the Government led them to propose the revocation of his patent as Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians. He was unsuccessful in his object, for his place was taken from him, until his friend and patron Walpole was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, when Steele was immediately reinstated.

62. The 'British Harlequin.'

63. The 'Independent Whig.'

64. The 'Anti-Theatre,' an opposition to Steele's Theatre.

65. The 'Muses' Gazette.'

66. 'Cato's Letters.'

67. 'Terræ Filius.' A paper conducted by Nicholas Amhurst, who was expelled from Oxford, and afterwards published this periodical with a view of exposing the statutes, habits, and politics of the University. It was so scurrilous and personal as to defeat its own end, but lasted through fifty numbers.

68. 'Mist's Journal, Selections from.'

69. 'Pasquin.'

70. The 'True Briton.' Written by the profligate Duke of Wharton.

71. The 'Humorist.'

72. The 'Plain Dealer.'

73. The 'London Journal.'

74. 'Essays on the Vices and Follies of the Times.'

75. The 'Craftsman.' A political paper, conducted by Amhurst, written to oppose the administration of Sir Robert Walpole. An able publication, which attained a vast popularity, and circulated sometimes not less than ten or twelve thousand in a day.

76. The 'Intelligencer.' The chief author of this periodical was Dr. Thomas Sheridan, who was notorious for the blunder he made in preaching a sermon on the anniversary of the Hanoverian succession, on the text, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." The Doctor, it is true, had forgotten the day altogether, and his sermon had nothing to do with politics. However, in those days of clerical partisanship, as Swift said, "he shot his own fortune dead by one single text."

77. The 'Weekly Medley.'

78. The 'Literary Journal.'

79. The 'Touchstone.'

80. The 'Universal Spectator.'

81. The 'Free Briton.' An antagonist to the Craftsman.

82. 'Memoirs of the Society of Grub Street.' This paper was the work of Dr. Russel, a physician, and Martyn the botanist and well-known translator of Virgil's Georgics. This journal is remarkable as having furnished the idea of the Gentleman's Magazine, which was projected by Cave the bookseller, in consequence of the success of these Memoirs.

83. The 'Speculatist.' 1730.

84. The 'British Journal.' 1731.

85. The 'Weekly Register.' 1731.

86. The 'Hyp-Doctor,' notorious in its day for folly and virulence. 1731.

87. The 'Templar.' 1731.

88. The 'Correspondent.' 1732.

89. 'Fog's Journal, Selections from.' 1732.

90. The 'Comedian.' 1732.

91. The 'Bee.' 1733.

92. The 'Prompter.' 1734.

93. The 'Old Whig.' 1735.

94. The 'Weekly Miscellany.' 1736.

95. 'Common Sense.' 1737. An able paper, containing many clever essays by Lord Chesterfield and Lord Lyttleton, which had considerable success for several years.

96. The 'Champion.' 1739. The greater portion

of this somewhat clever journal of politics, essays, and satire, was by Fielding, the celebrated novelist.

97. 'Old England.' 1743.

98. The 'Female Spectator.' 1744. Written by Mrs. Haywood.

99. The 'Remembrancer.' 1745.

100. The 'True Patriot.' 1745.

101. The 'Jacobite Journal.' 1746. Both these were conducted by Fielding, and, notwithstanding the title of the latter, were devoted to upholding the Hanoverian succession.

102. The 'Fool.' 1746. A political journal.

103. The 'Parrot.' 1746. By Mrs. Haywood and the other authors of the Female Spectator.

104. The 'Tatler Revived.' 1750.

105. The 'Student.' 1750. A monthly miscellany published at Oxford.

106. The 'Rambler.' 1750. Soon after the Rambler appeared, the Student spoke of it thus: "There is one gentleman from whom we should be proud to borrow, if our plan forbade it not; and since the text is *gratitude*, we beg leave to return our acknowledgments to him for the noble and rational entertainment he has given us; we mean, the admirable author of the Rambler, a work that exceeds any thing of the kind ever published in the kingdom, some of the Spectators excepted—if indeed they may be excepted. We own ourselves unequal to the task of commending such a work up to its merits—where the diction is the most high-wrought imaginable, and yet, like the brilliancy of a diamond, exceeding perspicuous in its richness—where the sentiments ennoble the style, and the style familiarises the sentiments—where every thing is easy and natural, yet every thing is masterly and strong. May the public favour crown its merits, and may not the English, under the auspicious reign of George II., neglect a man who, had he lived in the first century, would have been one of the greatest favourites of Augustus." The Rambler was commenced by Dr. Johnson, on March 20th, 1750, and continued twice a week for two years. He chose the title for want of a better, as he told Sir Joshua Reynolds: "What must be done, sir, will be done. When I was to begin publishing that paper, I was at a loss how to name it. I sat down at night upon my bedside, and resolved that I would not go to sleep till I had fixed its name. The Rambler seemed the best that occurred, and I took it." The spirit in which he undertook the work may be understood from what he called his "Prayer on the Rambler." "Almighty God, the giver of all good things, without whose help all labour is ineffectual, and without whose grace all wisdom is folly; grant, I beseech thee, that in this my undertaking thy Holy Spirit may not be withheld from me, but that I may promote thy glory, and the salvation both of myself and others; grant this, O Lord, for the sake of Jesus Christ, Amen." The sale of the Rambler was at first but moderate, but eventually it was a source of great profit to the bookseller who published it. With the exception of four or five numbers, the whole of the Rambler was written by Dr. Johnson.

107. The 'Inspector.' 1751. The work of Sir John Hill, as notorious for his disreputable life, as for the manufacturing fertility of his pen.

108. The 'Covent-Garden Journal.' 1752. By Fielding the novelist.

109. The 'Gray's-Inn Journal.' 1752. By Murphy, the writer of 'The Way to Keep Him,' and other popular comedies, and the friend of Johnson and Garrick.

110. The 'Adventurer.' 1753. Largely contributed to by Dr. Johnson, but projected and conducted by Dr. Hawkesworth, with the aid of Dr. Warton and others.

111. The 'Protestor.' 1753.

112. The 'World.' 1753. Projected by Moore, and written chiefly by him, by Lord Chesterfield, and Richard Owen Cambridge. Moore died while the last number of the paper, which gives an account of the imaginary death of its author, was passing through the press. Horace Walpole also wrote a few essays in the World, which was almost exclusively of a more ironical and lighter cast than most similar publications of the time.

113. The 'Connoisseur.' 1754. Conducted by George Colman, the celebrated play-writer, and the well-known Bonnel Thornton. Cowper the poet also contributed several papers; some were by the Earl of Cork. Like the World, the Connoisseur was too much given up to ridicule and buffoonery.

114. The 'Dreamer.' 1754. An ingenious series of papers, in the form of dreams, by Dr. King, Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, satirising the follies and corruptions in religion, literature, and the learned professions.

115. 'Man; a Paper for ennobling the Species;' solemn, heavy, and pompous, as might be expected from its title. It was published weekly for a twelvemonth.

116. The 'Monitor.' 1755.

117. The 'Old Maid.' 1755.

118. The 'Universal Visitor.' 1756.

119. The 'Test.' 1756.

120. The 'Prater.' 1756.

121. The 'Prattler.' 1756.

122. The 'Idler.' 1758. Designed and almost wholly written by Dr. Johnson.

123. The 'Herald.' 1758.

124. The 'Bee.' 1759. The Bee and the two following papers were chiefly the work of Goldsmith.

125. The 'Citizen of the World.' 1760.

126. The 'Gentleman's Journal.' 1760.

127. The 'Visitor.' 1760.

128. The 'Schemer.' 1760.

129. The 'Genius.' 1761.

130. The 'Auditor.' 1762.

131. The 'Briton.' 1762.

132. The 'North Briton.' 1762. The 45th number of this periodical is the celebrated paper which brought its author, Wilkes, into his great notoriety.

133. The 'Investigator.' 1762.

134. The 'Patriot.' 1762.

135. The 'Englishman.' 1762.

136. The 'Moderator.' 1762.

137. The 'Adviser.' 1762.

138. The 'Contrast.' 1762.

139. The 'Free-Enquirer.' 1762. This and the five preceding were all political papers.

140. 'Terræ Filius.' 1763.

141. The 'Medley.' 1766.

142. The 'Babbler.' 1767.

143. The 'Whisperer.' 1770.

144. The 'Scotchman.' 1772.

145. The 'Freeholder.' 1772.

146. The 'Bachelor.' 1773.

147. The 'Templar.' 1773.

148. The 'Gentleman.' 1775.

149. 'Essays, Moral and Literary.' 1777. These papers, by Dr. Vicesimus Knox, have been amongst the most popular of the works of the British essayists, having passed through nearly twenty editions.

150. The 'Mirror.' 1779. This, the best of the Scottish publications, was conducted by Mackenzie, the author of 'The Man of Feeling.' Many of the ablest of the Scotch writers contributed to its pages.

151. The 'Detector.' 1780.

152. The 'Whig.' 1780.

153. 'Peregrinations of the Mind.' 1780.

154. 'Periodical Essays.' 1780. By Archdeacon Nares.

155. The 'Englishman.' 1783.

156. The 'New Spectator.' 1784.

157. The 'Lounger.' 1785. A species of continuation of the Mirror, by Mackenzie and its other authors.

158. The 'Observer.' 1785. The composition of Cumberland the dramatist. Its peculiar feature consisted in its many valuable papers of literary criticisms, especially on the Greek comic poets, from whom it contained many translations.

159. The 'Microcosm.' 1786. Remarkable as the work of four Eton boys; Canning, John Frere, John Smith, and Robert Smith. It is clever, but the circumstances of its authorship have given it a reputation above its merits.

160. The 'Pharos.' 1786. Written by a lady.

161. The 'Busy-Body.' 1787.

162. 'Olla Podrida.' 1787. An Oxford periodical of much merit, by Monro, Bishop Horne, Kett (the au-

thor of the *Logic*, and the unfortunate victim of the satire of the present Bishop of Llandaff, Berkeley, Graves, Grose the antiquarian, and others.

163. The 'Trifler.' 1788. A paper published by the boys of Westminster, in emulation of the *Microcosm* of the Etonians.

164. 'Variety.' 1788.

165. The 'Reflector.' 1788.

166. 'Winter Evenings.' 1788. By Dr. Knox.

167. The 'Loiterer.' 1789. Another Oxford paper, chiefly devoted to the delineation of academical life.

168. The 'Speculator.' 1790.

169. The 'Bee.' 1790.

170. The 'Grumbler.' 1791. By Francis Grose the antiquary.

171. The 'Patriot.' Dublin, 1791.

172. The 'Patriot.' London, 1792.

173. The 'Crisis.' 1792.

174. The 'Farrago.' 1792.

175. The 'Looker-On.' 1792. One of the first papers which directed English readers to the study of Schiller and other great German writers.

176. The 'Country Spectator.' 1792. Published at Gainsborough in Lincolnshire.

177. The 'Indian Observer.' 1793. Published at Madras.

178. The 'Female Mentor.' 1793.

179. The 'Ranger.' 1794.

180. The 'Cabinet.' 1794. Published at Norwich.

181. The 'Sylph.' 1795.

182. The 'Ghost.' 1796.

183. The 'Trifler.' 1796.

184. The 'Sybil.' 1796.

185. The 'Reaper.' 1796.

186. The 'Enquirer.' 1796.

187. The 'Peeper.' 1796. A publication of a serious cast, dedicated to Hannah More.

188. The 'Lynx.' 1796.

189. The 'Watchman.' 1796.

190. The 'Quiz.' 1796.

191. The 'Philanthrope.' 1797.

192. The 'Medley.' 1797.

193. The 'Reporter.' 1797.

194. The 'Friend.' 1797.

195. The 'Investigator.' 1797.

196. The 'Four Ages.' 1798.

197. 'Literary Hours,' by Dr. Drake. 1798.

198. 'Literary Leisure.' 1799.

199. The 'Portfolio.' 1801.

200. The 'Burnisher.' 1801.

201. The 'Projector.' 1802.

202. The 'Adviser.' 1802.

203. The 'Wanderer.' 1803.

204. The 'Man in the Moon.' 1803.

205. The 'Pic-nic.' 1804.

206. The 'Censor.' 1804.

207. The 'Intruder.' 1804.

208. The 'Galvanist.' 1804.

209. The 'Miniature.' 1804.

210. The 'Saunterer.' 1805.

211. 'Melancholy Hours.' 1805. By Henry Kirke White.

212. The 'Antiquary.' 1805.

213. 'Hours of Leisure.' 1806.

214. The 'Inspector.' 1807.

215. The 'Director.' 1807.

216. The 'Ruminator.' 1807.

217. The 'Reasoner.' 1808.

218. The 'Moderator.' 1809.

219. The 'Spy.' 1809.

Such were the periodical papers, partaking all more or less of the character of essays, which appeared in this country during the century which succeeded the first appearance of the *Tatler*. Of their very names, the greater portion have disappeared from the current knowledge of readers of our own day, and many are such that no one would think for a moment of reviving them; while the general plan and cast of thought of the vast majority would be almost as alien to the feelings and habits of mind now prevalent among all classes as we can possibly conceive. Some few have taken their place among the classics of the English language, but even of these a very few are still studied. There is so

little of reality, of earnestness, of vigour, of universal and genial benevolence of heart, so little of what is profound, or Christian, or *spirituel*, or progressive, even in the best amongst the number, that, perhaps undeservedly, they are almost all fast sinking into that dark oblivion which has engulfed so large a portion of the works of the eighteenth century.

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

No. V.—*Their Entrances and Streets.*

HITHERTO, in speaking only of the origin and the history of the Roman Catacombs, I have been detaining you (perhaps too long) upon the mere threshold of our subject. To-day, therefore, I propose to advance a little further, and to give you a peep at the interior of these wonderful sanctuaries, which (as Bosio justly says), though their situation be mean and lowly, yet in point of real worth and dignity infinitely surpass, to a Christian mind, all the other treasures of Pagan, or of Christian, Rome: "*gloria ejus filia Regis ab intus.*" Even here, however, if we wish to obtain any real and satisfactory information upon the subject with which we are engaged, we must be contented to move but slowly, since every step that we take, for a while at least, will open upon us some new topic of interest, which must not be passed over without notice.

The Catacombs most commonly visited at present are those which are known by the name of St. Agnes; in these have been made the most extensive modern excavations, under the direction of Padre Marchi; and they contain more abundant and more perfect specimens of all the peculiarities of subterranean Rome, than any of the other cemeteries with which I am acquainted. You enter them by means of a covered staircase, cut in the soil itself, about two miles beyond the Porta Pia, and a quarter of a mile beyond the church of St. Agnes, in a vineyard on the left-hand side of the road. It is distant perhaps about 150 yards from the modern high-road; but since the old Via Nomentana ran somewhat further to the left, the entrance must in former times have been still more obvious to passers by than it is at present. Hence it can scarcely escape the observation even of the most careless visitor, that the Christians could not have gained access to their cemetery by this means in times of severe persecution, nor indeed at any time whilst they desired to keep their places of assembly secret from their enemies. At the same time, the walls which bear up the soil on either side of this subterranean staircase are manifestly of ancient workmanship, so that this entrance must not be confounded with others, which at first sight may appear to resemble it, but which have really been made in very recent times, for the mere convenience of antiquarians and others. For instance, the cemetery of St. Lucina, on the road between the churches of St. Paul and St. Sebastian, was brought to light towards the close of the seventeenth century, by the upsetting of a heavily laden waggon, under whose weight the road gave way, and discovered the ancient excavations beneath: similar accidents have happened elsewhere from various natural causes, so that there are many such apertures in the Campagna, through which Bosio, Marangoni, d'Agincourt, and other adventurous explorers, were obliged originally to descend, and so to pursue their investigations in search of the primary entrances. But where these could not be found, or could not easily be re-opened for general use, advantage has sometimes been taken of these accidental openings for the construction of a new staircase: thus, you may go into these very Catacombs of St. Agnes by means of such an entrance on the opposite side of the road; and indeed, until within the last six or seven years, the more ancient staircase was unknown. There is little danger, however, of mistaking the works of the last two centuries for those of the early Christians, were it only for this reason; that in the modern staircases there are no graves on either side as you descend, whereas in the other which I have spoken of in the same cemetery, and which belongs to the fourth century, as soon as you have got below the loose, soft soil of the vineyard, in which it would not be possible to make them—as soon, that is, as you get

to the *tufa*, you have graves on either side, sitting exactly to the steps themselves, and evidently cotemporaneous with them. It happens that in this particular instance we are able to ascertain the chronology even with accuracy; for within a very short distance from the bottom of the staircase, there is a *bisomum* or *triso-*
num (I forget which), i. e. a grave for two or three bodies, the enclosure of which has been removed, but a great deal of the mortar with which the enclosure was fastened still remains; and on this mortar, rudely traced with the trowel, whilst yet it was fresh, an inscription is clearly legible; two or three names of the persons who had been buried there, with the words in *pace* after each, and at the end, *Nepotiano et Facundo Coss.*, i. e. in the consulate of the year A.D. 336. This date confirms the argument which we have already drawn from the great publicity of the entrance, viz. that it belongs to an age later than any of the persecutions, and when there was no longer a necessity for caution and concealment. Nevertheless, we may not therefore conclude that this is the earliest date which can be assigned to any portion of the Catacomb; on the contrary, the staircase, in its exit into the street or path at the bottom, breaks into and divides a whole row of graves,* which must have been made, therefore, at some time prior to the staircase itself. Moreover, other inscriptions have been found there, which belong to the second and third centuries. We have to search, therefore, for another and more secret entrance, which could have been used in safety, even in the midst of the severest persecution; and happily this too has been preserved to us. We find it after traversing the subterranean streets for two or three hundred yards; a staircase of about thirty steps, hewn out of the natural rock, but ascending not to the open Campagna, but to an *arenaria*, or sandpit, like those which are still being excavated in different parts of the neighbourhood of Rome.

I mentioned in a former letter, that there were many outlets from these quarries to the open air; and it is important to remember this, not only as a point of contrast between an *arenaria* and a Catacomb, but also as a very essential feature in any true history of the latter, inasmuch as it offered such valuable facilities for concealing the gathering together of the Christians. The entrance of three or four only at the mouth of any sandpit would not of itself excite suspicion; and more than these need never have been seen together, as long as there were nine or ten different mouths opened on various sides of the hill, by all of which indifferently admission could be gained to the appointed place of meeting. On the other hand, this multiplicity of entrances did not give a corresponding advantage to any enemies who might come in pursuit of them; quite otherwise; it rather served to baffle and confound them, by distracting their attention. It was easy, indeed, for the heathen soldiery, as for everybody else, to penetrate into the interior of the sandpit; but when they had done this, they were still as far as ever from having found their way into the Christian Catacomb beneath, because there was nothing to guide them to that one corner in particular, from which alone the descent could be effected. When Marangoni† discovered the cemetery of SS. Thraso and Saturninus, on the Via Salaria, in the year 1720, he first entered by means of a hole which he observed in the side of a well, a little above the level of the water. Having gained admission in this way, he found himself in the midst of one of those extensive subterranean excavations, which, from the great width of the streets, and the entire absence of any appearance of sepulture, he rightly judged to be a mere sandpit of the ancient Romans; after a long and diligent search, however, he stumbled upon a flight of thirty steps, which led him down into the Christian cemetery; a staircase, which he describes as being barely wide enough to allow of his descent, and situated in a most obscure and out-of-the-way corner.

* This observation probably supplies the explanation of Dr. Maitland's perplexity, as to "the graves near the entrance of the Catacombs being so small as scarcely to allow room for the body of a child." (P. 48.)

† I take this opportunity of correcting an error in my first letter, where I spoke of this author as a Jesuit; he was a secular priest, and Canon in the Cathedral of Anagni.

I cannot say that the staircase in the Catacombs of St. Agnes is quite so narrow as this; still, it is far from being very wide; and although there is no sign of such studious concealment as Marangoni speaks of, yet certainly a man might wander about for a considerable time before he would find it, and it is very possible that he would never find it at all. Moreover, whenever the Christians had any reason to apprehend that an invasion of their subterranean sanctuaries was intended, nothing was easier than to conceal the staircase altogether, merely by laying two or three planks across the opening, and strewing a little sand over them.

That the Christians were sometimes obliged to have recourse to some such means of concealment seems certain, from the fact, that they had provided themselves with another mode of entering this Catacomb still more secret and more difficult, yet very near to the other, viz. by means of an aperture dug in the floor of the sandpit, and penetrating to the roof of one of the streets in the Catacomb, about three or four feet square and eighteen feet deep, with holes made at proper distances in the sides to receive the feet of those who might descend by it. The descent would be by no means easy, and he would have been a bold man who should have dared in this way to pursue the Christians into their deep and darksome hiding-places. Neither was it necessary that they should be followed; a far easier and more effectual mode of putting them all to death was that practised by the Emperor Numerian upon those who were praying at the graves of St. Chrysanthus and Daria, viz. the raising a wall at the entrance where the staircase was, and throwing in large quantities of sand and stones from above, that is, probably through some such perpendicular opening as that which I have been just describing, and thus the imprisoned Christians would be certainly starved to death.

But although it was impossible to find a place of retreat which should be really secure from the violence of persecution, yet those Catacombs which, like that of St. Agnes, were excavated under a sandpit, offered a far greater promise of safety than Catacombs of any other kind; indeed, where a sandpit did not already exist, it was often worth while, or even necessary, to make one for this very purpose, viz. to cover the entrance to the Christian cemetery. Thus when any of the more wealthy converts gave up their lands, as they sometimes did (e. g. St. Lucina, St. Cyriaca, St. Priscilla, and others), to be used as burial-places for the faithful, we must not imagine that the Christians of that neighbourhood were thereby absolved from the necessity of observing the same caution and secrecy as their less favoured brethren, who had to dig beneath the deserted quarries of their enemies. No doubt the risk of discovery was greater to those who worked under those public places that were open to every body alike, than to those whose labours were carried on in what was, strictly speaking, private property; nevertheless, the rights of private property are not often respected in the case of a body that is obnoxious to the people; and, as a matter of fact, we know that the possessions of the early Christians were always confiscated, wholly or in part, to those who informed against them. Even, therefore, when a cemetery was to be dug beneath the fields or gardens of a Christian, it was safer to begin by excavating an ordinary sandpit (or quarry, whichever the nature of the ground permitted), than to commence a Catacomb at once; otherwise the removal of so much soil as the formation of a subterranean cemetery necessarily displaced might have aroused suspicions, and led to troublesome and dangerous inquiries, from which it might have been difficult to escape. This *arenaria* over the Catacomb of St. Agnes is so extensive, and opens on so many different sides, that most probably it must have been an old and deserted work of the heathen; in most cases, however, it is impossible to come to any decision as to the origin of the excavations which serve as an introduction to the Catacombs, because, as P. Marchi observes, "there is no reason why a Christian and a heathen should not have dug sand in precisely the same manner," so that there is neither cotemporaneous history nor internal evidence to guide us.

One further observation remains to be made upon

the entrance to the Christian cemeteries, and then we may pass on to an examination of all that is within them. Opposite that staircase whereby we descend to the Catacomb of St. Agnes, and which was made about the time of Constantine, was another arriving at the same landing-place, and exactly corresponding to it in every way: at present no remains of it whatever are to be seen; but P. Marchi told me that it could be distinctly traced when his excavations were first begun in this quarter; but that by the removal of so much earth from the interior—some of which has been deposited here—it has become buried and lost. In the Catacomb of St. Helen, however, as it is called, on the Via Laviniana, which was accidentally discovered in the process of enlarging a cellar about ten years ago, the double staircase still remains; and as this is precisely of the same antiquity, it is a very important confirmation of P. Marchi's theory, that such twofold entrances were at least common, if not universal, at that time; not that there had never been any instances of them at a still earlier period in the history of the Church (although as long as she was exposed to persecution mere prudential considerations might have sufficed to prevent it), but that as soon as she was free to follow her own will in such matters, this was the plan which she adopted. The rationale of it we shall have occasion to explain when we come to describe the chapels and other arrangements of the interior; at present I will only remark, that the entrances to the Catacombs are just that portion of them of which we have the most imperfect knowledge, because they have been most exposed to the ravages of time and violence. Moreover, the authors who preceded P. Marchi appear to have been so intent upon examining and chronicling all the marvellous treasures which they found in the Catacombs themselves, that they did not stop to inquire how the early Christians had been in the habit of getting into them. Comparatively speaking, therefore, this may be considered to be a branch of the subject which has scarcely yet been investigated, or at least upon which much valuable information may still be hoped for, as the result of more extensive excavations.

The general appearance of the interior, however, the character of its streets and graves, has been fully ascertained and accurately described by many able writers. We have already seen St. Jerome's account of them: "paths dug in the bowels of the earth, the walls on either side closely peopled with the dead, and dense darkness covering the whole, or but ill relieved by an occasional gleam of light from above." Prudentius, the Christian poet of the fourth century, has left a description of them not very dissimilar. He writes of the cemetery of St. Hippolytus in particular,* but his language may be not inaptly transferred to other Catacombs also. He says, that "it is situated amid the cultivated grounds, at no great distance from the walls; that you descend to it by means of a steep path and staircase, at first dimly lighted by the sun, which gains a partial admission through the entrance; presently afterwards you are immersed in total darkness. As you advance, however, into the hollow depths of the earth, from time to time you find openings cut in the roof, whereby you may be gladdened once more by the light of the upper world, and are enabled to pursue your subterranean travels with greater ease and safety." Of these *lucernæ*, or light-holes cut in the roof, we will speak hereafter; at present, since they are not in a condition to throw much light upon the path of a wanderer in the Catacombs, we may pass them by, and proceed at once to the paths themselves.

These for the most part are long and straight; in the Catacomb of St. Agnes many of them average from two to three hundred feet, without any deviation from the straight line, and in the Catacomb of St. Priscilla, I remember one of much greater length. If the accuracy of Arringhi's maps may be depended upon, he found a straight road in the cemetery of St. Ponziano a quarter of a mile long, and another in that of St. Callistus, which extended for nearly six hundred yards. These main arteries, as they may be called, are crossed every here and there, at intervals perhaps of twelve or fifteen yards, by other ways branching both to right and left,

* Peristeph. Hymn. xi.

and these again are united with one another by shorter and more numerous paths. Hence P. Marchi describes the interior of a Catacomb as a vast piece of subterranean network, formed by a countless number of intersecting roads. One particular, however, is certainly wanting of Dr. Johnson's famous definition of a net, viz. "regular interstices between the intersections;" for, although I have spoken of the intervals being from twelve to fifteen yards, this is only where I have observed the greatest regularity in this matter. Elsewhere, you may walk thirty or forty yards without meeting with a single crossroad, and elsewhere again you find them at a distance of only four or five yards asunder, or even less. In the Catacomb of St. Lorenzo, I have seen seven roads meet exactly in the same spot; but this disposition of them, like so many radii concentrating at one point, is far from being common; indeed, as far as I know, this is a solitary instance. On the other hand, when the roads are very few and far between, this is probably to be attributed, not so much to any settled purpose on the part of the excavators as to accident, or rather to the circumstances of the times; I mean, that this was perhaps the most modern part of the cemetery, where the work was being still continued when the custom of burying without the walls fell into disuse. Thus we see in this cemetery of St. Agnes the dimensions of another road chiselled out upon the tufa, and part of the wall left free from graves for the purpose, but of the road itself not a single inch was excavated; and other instances have been found in other cemeteries.

The streets are narrow, as might naturally be expected from the circumstances under which they were made; some of them are about three feet three inches wide, or even a trifle more; others again are scarcely twenty-eight inches; and P. Marchi states the average width to be something less than three feet, which I should say was about the width of most of the streets in the Catacomb which we have been all along taking for our specimen. This calculation, however, does not include the Catacomb of St. Helen, because it is altogether on a much grander scale than any of the more ancient and more interesting cemeteries, and cannot therefore be fairly compared with them; yet even here the width of the streets nowhere exceeds five feet. But whereas prudence and the economy of labour imposed upon the early Christians the obligation of thus contracting the width of their sepulchral ways within as narrow limits as possible, there was no corresponding necessity to set any limits to their height. The higher the streets, the more graves was there room for in the walls, arranged in horizontal rows, one over the other, much like the shelves of a modern bookcase. The ordinary depth of these shelves was about fourteen or fifteen inches, but where the graves are of little children, it is of course much less; on the other hand, I have seen some *polyandria*, the mouths of which were considerably wider, as much as eighteen or twenty inches. Moreover, the depth of soil left between the shelves varies according to the quality of the rock in which they are dug. In the cemetery of St. Pretextatus, where the *tufa granolare* is so soft as to approximate to the pure *puzzolana*, I think the distance between each grave and the grave below it must be nearly double of what it is in the cemetery of St. Agnes, where the tufa is of so much firmer consistency; but even here too a vein of *puzzolana*, running through a certain portion of the cemetery, has occasionally obliged them to exceed the average depth of their intervals; not to any great extent, however, for with most admirable economy, the Christian excavators have taken care to dig a grave out of the lower portion of this *puzzolana*, and as the whole vein was only about eighteen inches deep, this does not leave much of the loose and crumbling material to form any part of the defence between the lower and the upper grave. For these reasons, then, it is not very easy to say what was the average height of a street in the Catacombs; one, of which I took the measure in St. Agnes, was between seven and eight feet, and contained five rows of graves; another in the cemetery of St. Ponziano (which is dug out of a soil of yellow sand) was nearly ten feet, yet did not contain a larger number of graves; and I have been assured by one of the excavators, who has been engaged for more than thirty years in this subterranean occupa-

tion, that in some streets he has found as many as fourteen or fifteen rows of graves, one over the other. But whether the streets were high or low, they were always regular, and dug upon one level, so that when there was occasion to excavate a *piano* below the first, the descent to it was not by a gradual inclination of the street, but by a staircase like that by which we entered originally from the Campagna; and in this manner we descend in some cemeteries to a fourth, and even a fifth *piano*; but as these lower *pianos* differ in no respect from the upper ones, excepting that they are of a more recent construction, it will not be necessary to speak of them in detail.

One feature, however, which never fails to attract the attention of visitors to the Catacombs, deserves our notice, viz. that many of the streets are blocked up with stones and earth so as to prevent our entering them. Most of the obstructions of this kind—indeed, probably all that are now to be seen—are of modern origin; and however much they may be regretted by those who are endowed both with boundless curiosity and indefatigable energy, they are a necessary condition of every attempt to make fresh discoveries and to penetrate more deeply into the interior. For since these Catacombs are Christian cemeteries, the earth that is in them is sacred, and may not be thrown away or used for common purposes, any more than the earth from one of our English churchyards: it is only allowed to remove it from one place to another—from the spot where new excavations are being made with the hopes of discovering fresh objects of interest, to a spot which has been already explored, and which contains little or nothing of any value. But besides the streets that have been thus closed, or which are being closed, in consequence of recent excavations, some were found by Bosio, Boldetti, and others, when first the Catacombs were re-opened, filled up in a similar manner, yet manifestly by the early Christians themselves; and for these it is more difficult to account. Whether the earth had been originally deposited there in times of extreme peril, when they durst not carry it out at any of the usual entrances, and they had afterwards forgotten to remove it when peace and safety were restored; or whether it was done from mere motives of economy, without the pressure of any real necessity at all; or, lastly, whether it was done as a precautionary measure, either against their heathen persecutors, or somewhat later against the Goths and Lombards, who penetrated into these recesses, and committed so many sacrilegious depredations, we cannot tell. The former, perhaps, appears to be the most probable conjecture; at least, the second is certainly the *least* probable; because in the streets thus blocked up the bodies of many martyrs had been buried, and we are certain, on the authority of Prudentius and others, that the early Christians would never have voluntarily deprived themselves of the means of access to these most precious sanctuaries.

N.

DANIEL DE COSNAC;

OR,

A COURT BISHOP OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV.

[Concluded from p. 202.]

HENCEFORTH Cosnac could have but one wish, that of pleasing the King by some extraordinary proof of devotion. Never had Prelate been better prepared for submitting with docility to all the despotic desires of Louis XIV. Neither was the occasion wanting to testify his good will when it could be combined with his duties as a Bishop, the exclusive accomplishment of which had been provisionally imposed upon him.

"I devoted myself entirely to visiting my diocese, not thinking any more about the Court, particularly since Madame's death, nor of advancing my fortune, but applying myself completely to the fulfilment of my duties. I found much to occupy me in this matter. That which gave me the most trouble was the existence of a great number of persons in my diocese of the reformed Protestant religion. His Majesty had already begun, through his piety, to issue many edicts to put a stop to the attempts which had been made since the edict of Nantes. I applied myself to making conversions, and gaining souls by exhortations and confer-

ences, and by the temporal assistance which I was able to procure them. And it seemed to me that God gave a blessing on my labours. Disobedience to his Majesty's edicts furnished also the means of weakening this sect. I attacked those who had contravened them before the King's Commissioners, and obtained the demolition of several of their temples."

But it was not enough that he should persecute the Protestants, and enforce against them, without mercy, the edicts promulgated by the civil authority: the King was quite as anxious to be served against the Pope as against heresy.* This prince pushed his clemency so far as soon to furnish Cosnac with the opportunity of giving this new proof of his zeal.

"It was at the beginning of the year 1682 that I received a letter from the Archbishop of Paris, François du Harlay, intimating that his Majesty was desirous that I should be one of the deputies of my province to assist at the Assembly convoked at Paris to examine the differences between the Pope and his Majesty. My first movement and sincere wish were to excuse myself; for I was, as I have already remarked, quite estranged from the Court. . . . But, upon second thoughts, I determined neither absolutely to accept nor refuse, putting off a decisive answer till I had gathered the opinion of my brethren. . . . One thing which disinclined me to this deputation was, that I knew they would never have picked me out if they could have found another. Two deputies of the first order were required. There were only four Bishops in our province: M. de Vienne was not liked; M. de Grenoble had expressed himself in some manner as agreeing with the Pope; none remained but M. de Viviers and myself. It was therefore necessary to have recourse to us two; and it even appeared probable that M. de Viviers' great age and state of health would prevent his proceeding on the deputation,—as it actually occurred. I was therefore apparently necessary; and I was fully persuaded that, could another have been found to fill the place, I should never have been thought of. This sort of deputation did not appear particularly honourable to me."

Cosnac proceeds to detail how M. de Grenoble strongly urged his acceptance, possibly, as he supposes, from the fear that, in the event of his refusing, he (M. de Grenoble) would be called upon in his stead, and being desirous, for his own private ends, not to quarrel with the Pope. But, however this might be, he urged forcibly upon Cosnac, in order to prevail upon him to accept, "that his disgrace had left a strong impression every where, even in his diocese; . . . that this hindered the good he might do; and that it was essential that he should free himself from this position," &c. &c. These and such like reasons, or rather others still more cogent, but of various weight, to which Cosnac merely alludes without specifying them, prevailed, and the Bishop of Valence set off for Paris, passing by Fontainebleau, to pay his respects to the King. After the first reception, which was managed to take place in private, out of regard to the feelings of Cosnac, and with which he expresses himself as highly satisfied, he repaired the following morning to the King's levee, which was numerously attended, and at which more than twenty Bishops were present.

"Amidst the crowd, the King, casting his eyes upon me, drew me into the embrasure of a window, and said to me these words, which I stored up in my heart, and which he had even the goodness to repeat to me at several audiences which he condescended to grant me: 'Sir, you have no cause of complaint against me; neither have I any against you; I therefore reckon upon you at the sitting of the Assembly. You will do me a pleasure by following the sentiments of the Archbishop of Paris, which I am persuaded you will find to be good.' I could make no other answer but this: 'Sire, I will never lose an opportunity of serving and pleasing you.'"

* It is worthy of remark, that religious persecution has ever attended the nationalisation, as it is called, of a Church; in other words, it has ever been cruel in proportion to the attempt made by the secular power to trench upon the Papal prerogative, or where, from various circumstances, the State's intervention in ecclesiastical matters has been considerable. This truth might be exemplified at some length.

He takes the trouble of informing us to what a point he kept his word.

"Being arrived at Paris, I went to the Archbishop's. He received me as he received every body, as politely and cordially as possible. His civility and conversation were charming; and would, however, have given more satisfaction had they not been equally bestowed on every one who approached him. I attached myself to him, first because it had been the King's wish, and next on account of the great merit which he displayed in all the sittings of the Assembly; and this of so distinguished an order that, far from pretending to surpass him, none could equal him."

Reader, listen attentively: in the Assembly of 1682 there was a Prelate so distinguished, that no one could pretend to equal him. Was it Bossuet? Cosnac does not so much as name him. This prelate, so incomparable in his eyes, was the scandalous Harlay de Charvalon!

"I was fortunate enough to be treated by him with confidence; and though among the last comers whom he honoured with his friendship, yet was I as well received as any of the rest. Among the questions agitated in the Assembly was that of the *regale*, which the King claimed over all archbishoprics and bishoprics in his kingdom, and which the Pope disputed with him. . . It was necessary to examine the reasons and rights on each side; and as the Pope had already decided in his own favour, and annulled by several briefs all which the Archbishop of Toulouse had done to maintain the King's rights, the commission of examining the briefs was given to me. There had been seven; after having examined them, I made my report; and I found so many informalities, and even want of justice, in them, that I may say, saving the respect due to his Holiness, that I proved that they could not validly stand. This report procured me some honour; and I shall give it in full length in this memoir, that others may judge whether I deserved the approbation given to it. M. de Paris praised it highly; he most obligingly gave an account of it to the King; for he never lost an opportunity of either pleasing his friends or injuring his enemies."

Cosnac seems to glory in having been made a useful tool on this and similar occasions; for he proceeds in the same strain to congratulate himself upon having rendered another service of the same nature, for which he was rewarded in the same coin, and had the satisfaction also of hearing that the King, speaking of him to M. de Paris, had uttered these auspicious words, "He must be reserved for some great post." It must be noticed that the following quotation is connected without interruption with what we have just given. If the worthy Bishop of Valence confounded, in his zeal for royalty, the care of defending the *liberties of the Gallican Church* with the necessity of extirpating Protestantism from French ground at any cost and by any means, we cannot help it. We present things as they are, and our readers must draw their own conclusions.

"Being arrived in my diocese, I continued to act against the sectaries, who had exposed themselves to punishment by their disobedience to the edicts and declarations of the King; and I was so successful, that, in less than two years, of eighty temples in the dioceses of Valence and Die but ten or twelve remained."

Subsequently he mentions that but two remained, the demolition of which, however, he finally procured "through the piety and goodness of the King." After a second deputation to the Assembly, which he again undertakes in order not to disoblige the King, he returns to his labours, which he shares with the King's dragoons.

"Scarcely had I arrived in my diocese when dragoons were sent into every quarter where the Huguenots were to be found. I did not spare my exertions to make conversions, whether by instructions or by favours conferred and money bestowed. My endeavours were not without success, having, indeed, scarcely ever failed of accomplishing their object, at least in a great measure. I allow, however, that the fear of the dragoons, which were quartered in the houses of the here-

ties, might contribute perhaps more to the conversions than I did myself."

St. Ruth, the commander of the King's dragoons, acted with much barbarity; and he was seconded by the courts of justice, which seemed eager to distinguish themselves by executing to the rigour the King's cruel orders. Cosnac does not seem to have possessed either a very tender heart or a very scrupulous conscience, yet he at last is touched with compassion, and writes to the King to intercede for mercy to the prisoners.

"I took the liberty of writing to his Majesty, and of representing to him that M. de St. Ruth had dispersed and killed a part of those who had taken up arms against his Majesty; that M. the Intendant had also through necessity ordered, and was still ordering, constant executions; that nothing remained but to have recourse to his mercy; and that I entreated him to deign to forgive such as should repent, and consent to return to the way of salvation. His Majesty had the goodness to grant me this favour on the condition of their conversion."

The Bishop appears to take a sincere pleasure in the thoughts of the numbers he was the means of saving, and not a little in the credit he believes himself to have thereby acquired. He seems at the same time strangely aware of the real motive which operated in the conversion of these unhappy men.

"I may venture to say, that of the great number of persons thus delivered from this miserable state, there was but one who preferred the cord to life, and whom I found it impossible to gain."

Once, in the way of making converts, Cosnac passed over to the right bank of the Rhone; and here at least we meet with the conscience of the Bishop and the heart of the priest under the thick layer of the politician and the courtier, in his account of the zeal and charity with which he really appears to have sought to save two Huguenot Ministers, with one only of whom he was, however, successful.

We must pause here, though many strokes are still wanting to complete the portrait. We ought to see Cosnac returned to Court, cultivating the favour of the Princesse des Ursins in the interest of his great niece, for whom he wished to secure a great match, aiming as high as he could, and put back by nothing, until he had accomplished allying his family with a Count of Egmont, ruined with debts, but of the most illustrious blood in Belgium; we ought to hear him boasting of the sixteen quarters of nobility of which the envious disputed with him the acquisition, and pluming himself upon having saved an Egmont from dying of hunger, thanks to the money of the Cosnacs and the Aubeterres; we ought to follow him to the assembly of the estates at Provence, disputing about precedence with the coalition of the Adhemars, represented by the Comte de Grignan, lieutenant-general of the province, and by the Archbishop of Arles, his brother; and finally we should wish to have displayed him pursuing with ardour the religious orders to bring them under the authority of the Ordinary, and establishing solemnly the pre-eminence of the King's authority over that of the Pope, even in spiritual matters. All this flows from the same source; and the personage would not be consistent with himself, if he did not present under every aspect that harmony, and in some sort that identity, which one is entitled to expect from him. One concluding stroke will finish the picture: it is the expression of his grief when; reckoning on the Archbishopric of Albi, he learnt that the King destined him for the see of Aix.

In our days such translations give rise to serious difficulties: a Bishop does not lightly leave his first flock, and often the union of the pastor with his sheep causes him to refuse all progress in the honours of the Church.

The circumstances in the midst of which the new Archbishop was named added to the difficulties common to all times. Ever since the Assembly of 1682 all spiritual relation had been suspended with the Sovereign Pontiff; another would doubtless have hesitated to take possession of a new see before having received canonical institution from the Pope.

Cosnac was, in fact, a prey to much hesitation; he

even held back from the honour which the King wished to confer upon him; but his scruples were of a nature which would not be understood in the present day.

"I entreated his Majesty to remark, that in my post in Dauphiny I had wherewithal to support my character; and that at Aix I should find myself in penury, that archbishopric being much less considerable in respect to revenue than the one I was leaving. The King replied: 'Sir, you are ill informed in this respect. I had intended you for Albi; but the Archbishop of Albi has not been able to agree with the people of Provence. There is already much disunion. As for the revenue, however, Albi, I am told, is worth at most 60,000 livres of rent, and Aix is worth 50,000. There is not much difference.' I answered: 'Sire, I have had a valuation given me of the revenues of Aix, which is actually in my pocket; and I have been assured it is very correct. The Archbishopric of Aix is not worth 25,000 livres of rent.' And I gave his Majesty the memoir. 'I would not mention my interests to your Majesty, if I did not believe that wanting in wherewithal to support myself, I should fall into contempt, and not have it in my power to be useful to your Majesty.'"

The King prevailed; Cosnac was forced to give up his point; and only consoled himself for this new misfortune by obtaining the Abbey of St. Taurin-d'Evreux, "rated at 14,000 livres, but reduced by charges to 4000 or 5000 only;" and afterwards that of Saint Riquier, which, when charges were paid, was worth to him, he says, always 16,000. Poor man!

Such are the objects upon which Cosnac's thoughts prefer to dwell. Do not imagine that he says a word of the cessation of the schism under Innocent XII., nor of the letter he had then to address to the Pope to obtain the Bulls necessary to the regularity of his position. It is plain that Cosnac considered himself very well instituted by Louis XIV.

His memoirs close in 1701; he was then at least seventy-five years of age. Soon after, the horizon darkened round his archiepiscopal residence. The *Camisars* rose in the Cevennes, and the blood which flowed profusely in Languedoc shewed the vanity of the hopes of those who had believed that they could extirpate Protestantism by the sole force of royal authority. Were the last years of Cosnac's old age pursued by fear or remorse? Or, on the other hand, did he preserve to the last that imperturbable conscience, which the extracts we have given from his memoirs denote? The testimony of St. Simon is sufficient to remove all doubt on this head: "The other prelate was the Archbishop of Aix, Cosnac, who died in his diocese at a great age; but with his head quite clear, and always the same." Some years previously Cosnac had witnessed a death which might have furnished him with matter for reflection.

"In 1690 I was again deputy at the General Assembly of the Clergy, where M. de Paris was again named President, and treated me as usual. The repartition of the tax of four millions granted to the King had still to be made. One Monday, as the deputies were at work with him, he (M. de Paris) seemed to me much depressed, which obliged me to put off a report of some importance I had to give him, and to advise him to go and take some repose at Conflans. He did so. The following Saturday, the day of the Transfiguration, while we were at work at my house with the Commissioners, news was brought us that the Archbishop of Paris was struck with apoplexy. It turned out too true. He died at three o'clock in the evening; and his body was carried to the archiepiscopal palace, while the Bishop of St. Malo and I were inquiring after him. I was much grieved at his death; and I considered my hope with respect to St. Riquier—as very doubtful in consequence."

We have seen, however, that this last fear was groundless, and that Cosnac received the abbey of St. Riquier.

One day a minister, quite as worthy as Cosnac to have his name inscribed in the annals of the *Gallican liberties*, entered the Emperor's apartment with tears in his eyes. "What's the matter?" said Napoleon; "you seem to me in trouble." "Ah, Sire, my best

friend, the most devoted servant of your crown, the Archbishop of Tours, is just dead." "Boisgelin! it's a pity. But, after all, I had no longer any need of him!" "Since your Majesty takes it in this way," the minister immediately replied, recovering his serenity, "I am quite comforted. *Me voilà tout consolé.*"

We may see, from Louis XIV. down to Napoleon, it is always the same story.

THE OPENING OF ST. GEORGE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THIS noble church, the fruit of the untiring and almost unaided energies and devotion of the Rev. Dr. Doyle, and designed throughout by Mr. Pugin, was opened on Thursday, by the celebration of a Pontifical High Mass. Since the Reformation, so large an assemblage of the hierarchy of the Church has not been seen in England. There were present the Bishops of Liège, Trèves, Luxembourg, and Tournay, all the English Catholic prelates,—with the exception of Dr. Walsh (whose ill-health kept him at home) and Dr. Ullathorne (who is at Rome),—also Dr. Gillis of Edinburgh, Dr. Brown of Elphin, Dr. Davis of Maitland, and Dr. Morris of Troy.

In addition to these, between 200 and 300 of the clergy assisted at the function, with representatives of all the religious orders now in England, besides a large proportion of the most distinguished lay-members of the Church. Such a glorious scene as was afforded by the long aisles of St. George's, as the vast procession moved along, and by the thronged and brilliant sanctuary during the celebration of the holy mysteries, has indeed not greeted the eye of this country for 300 years.

The Mass was sung and the sermon preached by the Right Reverend Dr. Wiseman. The sermon was one of the most eloquent and touching which he ever delivered. Apologising first for his own inadequacy to the task that was imposed upon him, he spoke of the greatness and happiness of the day on which they were assembled, and of the splendour of the ceremonial, and of the building and its decorations, as a fitting expression of the devout feelings of the Christian soul towards its Creator and Redeemer; and pointed out how in all ages, while the essence and spiritual character of divine worship have been unchanged, the Church, amidst all the changes of her temporal condition, from the days when she hid her sacrifices in the Catacombs, all through the eighteen centuries of her existence, has ever offered to God the best of the gifts she has received at His hands. Then, referring to the presence of the Continental Bishops, he spoke especially of the Archbishop of Paris, and read the martyred Prelate's letter, declining to be present at this festival, on the ground that he knew not to what his duties at home might be calling him. We may joyfully believe, said the preacher, that the holy Archbishop, instead of praying *with* us in his bodily presence, is interceding *for* us, a saint in glory, before the throne of God in heaven. Then, turning to the consideration of what the noble church would be after this day's celebration, he painted in glowing colours the loveliness of the sight of the crowds of poor Christians who would crowd its confessionals, and kneel before its altars, and form that spiritual temple, the habitation of the Holy Ghost, of whose true and heavenly purity and excellence the highest triumphs of visible beauty are but the faint type and shadow.

In the evening solemn vespers were sung, Benediction was given by Dr. Wiseman, and the sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Gillis. In a discourse which enchaind the attention of a multitude of hearers, Dr. Gillis expounded the whole history and character of the Catholic Church as a repetition or re-enacting of the life and sufferings of her Lord and Saviour. His lowly birth, the contempt which as "the Son of the carpenter" He endured from man, His silent years at Nazareth, His hidden life of prayer and praise, His active ministry, His bitter sufferings and death, as also His glorious ascension and final reign in heaven,—all are expressed and imitated in the various modes in which the Church, in different ages and individuals, has worked out her vocation. The Church in the Catacombs, in the desert, in the cloister, in the pulpit, be-

fore the tribunal of man, at the martyr's stake,—whether the scorn, the adviser, the comforter, the ruler, or the victim of the world, is but the obedient representative of the life and passion of her Divine Master. Those to whom the preaching of Dr. Gillis is familiar, need not be told with what unctious, fertility and richness of idea, and noble power, he worked out his inspiring theme.

The Church of St. George itself is now so well known, that any account of its details will be to many of our readers superfluous and tedious; but as all have not yet seen it, we shall conclude by venturing a few words of criticism and description of its prominent features.

On entering the building we are surprised by the large extent of the long nave and aisles, and recognise at once one of the largest churches in the kingdom. There is a certain aspect of nobleness, size, and utility about it, which makes one feel that it is a church to admire and rejoice in. The nave, at the same time, is too large for the chancel, which ought to have been twice or three times its actual size. The building also is low; the piers and timbers poor and slight, though the former are graceful and good, as far as form and details are concerned. Near the tower-door stands the font, the most beautiful thing in the whole church, and unquestionably one of the most perfect fonts which ancient or modern architecture has produced, uniting richness, solidity, and elegance in a remarkable degree. Passing up the nave, we notice the benches, which are of stained and varnished deal, simple and solid in design, but by no means cold or bald. Approaching the chancel, the eye is stopped by the chancel-screen, a double erection of open stone-work. Of its merits as a composition, we are perhaps hardly unbiassed judges, our aversion to screens, both theologically and architecturally, being very strong. We do not think, however, that the present example, though a fair design, is at all worthy of Mr. Pugin's genius. Its workmanship, as a piece of finished masonry, is admirable. Above the screen towers the rood, or crucifix, a gigantic figure of our Blessed Lord upon a floriated cross, with our Lady and St. John standing below. The whole group, both in sculpture and painting (the figures being coloured in the coarsest possible way), is, to our taste, utterly intolerable and repulsive. A still worse specimen of carving is, however, to be seen in the statue of the Blessed Virgin close by, on a bracket between the chancel and the adjoining chapel dedicated to the Mother of God. Coarse, fat, and deformed, it is calculated rather to excite the derision of the profane, than to stimulate the piety of the devout. Before entering the chancel, however, we must note the beauty and richness of decoration of the pulpit, which stands upon dark marble columns, its panels sculptured with *relievi* representing various scenes of the preaching of the Gospel. Here also should be remembered the large lectern, one of the finest specimens of modern brass-work we have seen; bold and striking in design, and elaborate in detail.

Within the chancel-screen, all is gorgeous and harmonious. The reredos, filled with imagery, and gilt, forms a superb background to the lofty tabernacle, also gilt, and a fine and richly decorated altar. The sedilia are deeply recessed; though even thus we question whether it may be found practicable to use them without injury to the sacerdotal vestments. The floor is paved with coloured tiles, and the windows filled with stained glass, of which the best are two windows on the right-hand side of the altar, executed by Hardman, of Birmingham. These are really transparent glass, and not unworthy, in the present unsatisfactory condition of the art of glass-painting, of admiration and study. Of the other coloured windows in the church, the least exceptionable is that in the tower; the remainder being generally dark and opaque, and executed upon false principles, though to the inexperienced observer their colours are rich and glowing. The *coronæ*, or chandeliers, in the chancel, and the lamps before the altar, are light and beautiful works in brass, hanging with airy lightness from the roofs, and at the time of Benediction throwing a glorious lustre all around. Another work in metal, calling for

high admiration, is the enamelled door of the tabernacle on the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. It is richly set with stones, and is a most satisfactory token of the advance of the goldsmith's skill of the times. An iron screen, of a light floriated pattern, separates this chapel from the aisles of the nave. This, with all the rest of the metal-work, is by Hardman. The walls of the chancel and chapels are painted and gilt in various patterns; some quaint and stiff; some inharmonious and hard in tint; others rich, pleasing, and artist-like. The organ is by Bishop, and is a noble and satisfactory instrument, worthy of its office in the church. The choir is a new one, and therefore exempt from criticism. It consisted entirely of boys and men, the chief of the former having been engaged from the Temple Church for the occasion. The building generally, including the sculpture and wood-work, are by Myers, one of the best builders of the day.

Reviews.

Specimens from Schiller and Uhland. By George Carless Swayne, M.A., Fellow of C. C. C., Oxford. London, Pickering.

THE author of these translations gives as his reason for venturing upon a fresh version of what has so often and so well been translated before, that in painting, as no portrait can quite reproduce its original, so we are most likely to arrive at a true knowledge of the individual who is represented, by seeing several portraits, each of which, however short of any thing like perfect correctness, is capable of giving some peculiar characteristic, which its fellow-portraits have omitted to note. The metaphor here used is hardly correct, or valid as an argument; but we are disposed to accept Mr. Swayne's conclusion, though not on the premises on which he grounds it. If he must needs have employed a metaphorical justification, drawn from the nature of the pictorial art, he should have betaken himself to the differences which exist between oil and water colours, between a marble statue and a flat picture, as an illustration of the difficulties which beset the translator from one language to another. The relation between a countenance and a portrait is in no way analogous to that of a poem and its translation into another tongue. The word "*original*" is used in both instances, through the poverty of our phraseology; but this is all that can be said in palliation of the confusion of thought introduced.

Our business, however, is not so much with Mr. Swayne's reasons, as with the mode in which he has executed his task. That a perfect translation of Schiller's *Song of the Bell*, and his other great lyrics, will ever be given to the world, we have not the least hope. For one perfect version of a poem, there are a thousand faultless portraits of the human countenance. Especially is it difficult to render such a strain as Schiller's noble and touching song, full as it is of thoughts and ideas, even to overflowing, and peculiar as is the metre, and ill adapted to the rhythm of English verse. To enjoy, therefore, the charms of the great German's inspiration in an English dress, it must be pondered over and absorbed into the mind of the reader, rather than read with that easy flow of thought with which untranslated poetry, when approaching to excellence, is received and felt by the sympathising mind. In the true poet, besides, there is ever such a peculiar harmony between modes of thought and modes of expression, that none other than a translator of a precisely similar cast of mind could render it both faithfully and pleasantly into another language. Difficult as it may be to give a satisfactory account of this singular mystic union which exists between our thoughts and our words, it is so plain in every man of true originality and vigour, that the very notion of a translation of a poem is to many persons irreconcilable with any ideas of united truth of interpretation and beauty of form. A poet's language is his own, as essentially as his ideas; and a man can no more say, I will offer you Schiller's *thoughts*, than he could say, I will write an original English lyric, such as Schiller would have written, had he been an Englishman by birth.

The translations from Schiller before us are more remarkable for the fidelity with which they have sought to present an exact transcript of the poet's ideas, than for the brilliancy, liveliness, or sweetness of their versification. They are Schiller's poems in sentiments and in the laws of metre, which Mr. Swayne has adopted, in conformity with their original structure, but convey a faint impression of that glorious, eloquent flow of words with which the poet was so wondrously gifted, and in which he poured forth all he thought, whether in verse or in prose. As such, they are valuable, and full of suggestion. The songs from Uhland are rendered with more grace, ease, and spirit, as was to be expected from the difference between the simple sweetness, delicacy, and affectionateness of Uhland's writings, and the nervous energy, the lofty grandeur, and the exuberant richness of thought, which crowd the pages of the greater poet of the two. The two following are good examples of Mr. Swayne's skill:

"ANSWER.

The little rosebud thou didst send,
Plucked by thy gentle hand, sweet friend,
Did scarcely live to eventide,
But of home-sickness early died;
So quick from hence its ghost doth flee
In likeness of a song to thee."

"THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

A goldsmith stood within his stall
With pearls and gems around:
'My gems are precious, one and all,
Yet art thou, my Helena,
The best I ever found.'

A gallant knight came blithely in,
'Good morrow, maiden fair;
And you, my goldsmith there within,
Make me a costly crownlet
To deck my sweet bride's hair.'

The crown was made, the work was good,
A fair one's eyes to charm;
But Helen hung in pensive mood,
As if she were alone there,
The trinket on her arm.

'Ah! happy is the bride to bear
The goldsmith's glittering toy!
Ah! would the knight give me to wear
A crownlet but of roses,
How full were I of joy.'

Ere long the knight came in again,
Beheld the crownlet so,
'Now make me, goldsmith, best of men,
A ring, with diamonds set,
My bride's white hand to shew.'

The ring was made, the work was good,
And bright the diamonds shone,
But Helen drew't in pensive mood,
As if she were alone there,
Her finger half way on.

'Ah! happy is the bride to bear
This other glittering toy,
Ah! would the knight give me to wear
But of his hair a ringlet,
How full were I of joy.'

Ere long the knight came in again,
Beheld the ring e'en so:
'Thou'st made me, goldsmith, best of men,
Most rich the shining trinkets,
Which to my bride must go.

Yet would I prove them how they sit;
So prithee, maiden, here,
On thee for trial let me fit,
For thou art fair as she is,
My sweet bride's wedding-gear.'

'Twas on a Sunday morn betime,
So had the maiden fair,
Obedient to the matin chime,
Put on her best array
With unaccustomed care.

With cheek all glowing rosy red,
Before the knight she stands;
He sets the crownlet on her head,
The ring upon her finger
He sets, and clasps her hands.

'Helena sweet, Helena true,
I've ended now the jest,
And my sweet bride is none but you,
By whom I meant the crownlet
And ring to be possessed.

'Mid gold, and pearl, and precious stone,
Thy father cherished thee;
And this to thee might well make known
That thou to highest honours
Shouldest enter, sweet, with me.' "

Of the translations from Schiller, "The Flowers" is one of the most pleasingly versified.

"Youngest summer's infant treasure!
Blossoms, jewels of the mead!
Nature bore you for her pleasure,
Nature loved you well indeed.
Fair your robes of sunny sparkle!
Fair your tints, that gleam and darkle,
Flora's gift, so heavenly bright!
Sun-babes, weep—for ye inherit
From her hands no living spirit,
And your home is rayless night.
Larks and nightingales would utter
How for love of you they sing,
Sylphids round your bosoms flutter,
Odours are the bribes they bring.
Venus exquisite in malice
Arched the crowning of your chalice,
Into cushions meet for Love:
Sun-babes, weep again—concealing
From yourselves that gentle feeling,
Which ye have not hearts to prove.
Though her mother's bann denies me
Converse with my Annie's looks,
Love in charity supplies me
Your illuminated books.
Then one magic touch inspires
Language, life, hearts, souls, desires,
Dumbly speak ye my sweet pangs;
Underneath your voiceless petals,
Where the stealthy dewdrop settles,
His great ambushed godhead hangs."

We doubt, on the whole, whether translation into verse be the strong feature in Mr. Swayne's powers. His short introductory chapter gives promises of much better works in the way of original prose writing, than any thing in the versions before us. There is more point, more indications of thought, more signs of his thoroughly mastering his subject, in his reflections on the comparative characters of the German and the English minds. What may be his originality, translations, of course, cannot tell; but the few sentences he has here put together, betray no lack of that essential element in every thing that rises beyond mediocrity, or is calculated to touch, or to instruct, the generation for which a man writes. We give nearly the whole of what he has here said, as well worth the attention of our readers.

"The sway of the Semitic man, the Pelasgic man, the Kelt, and the Mongol, has passed away. The Teutonic man remains, his fingers are every day tightening their grasp on the sceptre of universal empire. He stands at length where Providence intended he should stand, at the head of progressive society, to all appearance Nature's real and permanent king, without heirs presumptive, or apparent, of more royal endowments than his, and on that account likely to depose him.

"When the Roman ruled the then known world, the Teuton, his superior in strength of body and mind, lay hid in the recesses of those enormous forests which overspread the whole north of Europe, having travelled thither from his cradle in Caucasus, and the eyes of the world's masters were unable to see through the disguise of his barbarism, or they might have recognised in him their own future master; a discovery which the clear-sighted Tacitus was not far from making.

"But now that almost every corner of the earth has been lighted by the spirit of adventurous investigation, and the physical and mental capacities of all nations have been measured, the Teuton, without self conceit, can adjudge himself the first place in the comparison; he sees that he has nothing to fear from the rivalry of any existing race, and that he will in all likelihood keep his present place while the world lasts, or till some newer and better creation shall have been decreed, and the standard of human nature raised above its present level.

"In considering two great local divisions of the Teutonic family, viz. England and Germany, we may say that both possess the same intellectual energies, but turned into different channels. And this difference seems to depend on various circumstances of social development, geographical position, acquired habits, foreign influence, the progress or retardation of general improvement, but, above all, on differences of political institutions.

"In the stern mythology of Scandinavia, Life is represented by a tree called *Igdrasil*, whose roots a serpent is perpe-

tually gnawing. In England and Germany this tree of living human energy may be said to be of the same order, supported by the same trunk, fed by the same sap, but producing leaves modified in structure according to conditions of situation, and boughs growing after a different fashion. England's Igdrasil spreads itself abroad like the banyan tree, and threatens to cover the earth with its offsets. Germany's Igdrasil, being as it were imprisoned in a cleft of rocks, strikes deep and soars high with restricted yet unrelenting energy; its topmost boughs look longingly heavenward and peer into the Infinite above, while its roots dive down to Hela, and court the serpent's bite. This difference is mainly produced by differences of government. The government of Great Britain is popular and expansive, every man must take care of himself and fight his own way through the world about him; that of the several German States, on the contrary, is monarchical, patriarchal, essentially conservative, keeping its subjects in a state of indulgent tutelage, and relieving them as much as possible from any anxiety with respect to their outward condition. If England's government were paternal, or did the German States suffer their subjects to attain to that adult stage of a nation's growth which we call political freedom, much would be lost to the world doubtless, and the present state of things is wisely ordained, because they are now rivals in different kinds of intellectual eminence; whereas, had they been alike in political complexion, they would probably have been competitors for the same prize, and only one could have obtained it. As it is, the English mind is prominently objective, the German subjective—the English practical, the German theoretical—the English restless, enterprising, rapid, mechanical, materialising, utilitarian; the German, on the contrary, dreamy, sedate, meditative, deficient in mechanical activity though not in mechanical ingenuity, spiritualising, wrapt in the contemplation and realisation of the Beautiful, rather than devoted to the production of the Useful. And this difference, as might be expected, pervades the respective languages and literature. The characteristic of the British tongue is its exact fitness for business and rapid action (take the slang of the sea as an example); it is short, sharp, strong, terse, and to the point, as if it had much to say and little time to say it in; the German is precise in its grammatical construction, curious in its combinations, harmonious in its conceptions rather than its sound, grappling with the idea more closely than the English, though not so off-hand in expression, and on the whole better calculated to express thoughts than things. This difference of character in the literature of the two countries is nowhere more discernible than in their respective poetry. German poetry is essentially contemplative and spiritual; English is rather dramatic, active, practical; at least if we take Schiller and Shakspeare as types of the genius of each.

"When Coleridge heard it remarked of Göthe, that he was the German Shakspeare, he replied disparagingly that he was indeed a German Shakspeare. Applied to the respective merits of English and German poetry generally, his remark was unfair. Göthe excels in the proper province of English poetry, and was naturally second to the great English master-mind. But I think it would be hard to find in the peculiarly German province of poetry, any English writer who approaches so near to Schiller in his department, as Göthe does to Shakspeare in his.

"Schiller is perhaps the most truly and thoroughly German of German poets, and on that account deserves especial attention now that the German literature is every day acquiring increased influence over our own. And of all Schiller's poems, his *Gedichte*, or Minor Poems, are those most thoroughly instinct with his own spirit, and therefore with the spirit of his country's mind.

"As for Uhland, he is quite as thorough a German in his way as Schiller is in his. While Schiller represents the high aspirations, over-wrought enthusiasm, daring speculation and exquisite sensibilities of the German scholar, Uhland gives utterance to the kindliness, hospitality, simplicity, and expansive charity of the yeoman or burgher of the Fatherland. In the study of Schiller's thoughts and sayings, admiration puts out love; in the study of those of Uhland love eclipses admiration. Schiller is all fire, Uhland tenderness. When Schiller condescends to kindness, it is the magnanimity of a god; when Uhland is betrayed into bitterness, it is the ebullition of anger in love, felt rather for the wrongs of others than his own. We must excuse his occasional impatience for justice to Würtemberg, living as he does under one of those governments ironically called paternal, whose paternity chiefly consists in desiring to prevent their children from ever becoming men, and feeding them with grape-shot when they hunger for justice.*

"The following specimens, however inadequately rendered, may suffice to shew that a more general study of German poetry

* "Since the above was written, Uhland's name appeared as the leader of a deputation to the King of Würtemberg, praying for constitutional freedom, which was no sooner asked than promised. March 1848."

would be beneficial to English taste. Mechanical excellence is not the only one at which a great nation should aim. It should be grand as well as great, and graceful in its grandeur. Atmospheric railroads and the electric telegraph are intellectual triumphs undoubtedly, but the utterance of beautiful thoughts of one's own, or the fresh appreciation of those of others, is no less ennobling to Man. But some may fear that German literature may have a sinister influence on the religious faith of this country, in consequence of its known extravagances in particular directions. Nor is this fear without foundation, especially as regards German philosophy. But it is too late to exclude, though not to select. When we have eliminated that which is purely beautiful, it is more than innocent, it is in a measure refining and exalting in its tendency, if not edifying. And assuredly true religion will gain by association with true poetry and philosophy, whether native or foreign. False poetry and false philosophy must die, for the elements of death are in them, and falsehood cannot long be dangerous to truth. Truth ever courts investigation, while Error shrinks from exposure. It is utterly impossible in the nature of things that Religion, Poetry, and Philosophy can be really antagonistic to each other. Religion is the working of the mind in the highest Love, Poetry its working in Beauty, Philosophy its working in Truth. Love, Beauty, and Truth are three sisters, like Canova's Graces, interlacing their arms. They are only different phases of one and the same Perfection; could we peer into a higher state of being, we might see them as identical and indivisible, and literally learn that

'A thing of Beauty is a joy for ever.'

Bush Life in Australia. By H. W. Haygarth, Esq. Murray.

WERE it not through fear of a surfeit, and consequent disgust, we should say that we could not have too many books on Colonial and Indian affairs. Provided the writers of such books really have something to say, and are not manufacturing them for the home-market, the more we have of their testimonies to the facts of the countries they have visited, the better. For colonial, and especially emigrant, life is of that nature that its phases are almost boundless. Its features are so essentially multifarious, and at the same time they present themselves under such a vast variety of attendant circumstances, that it is impossible to get at the whole truth respecting any of them without the accumulated evidence of a vast body of independent witnesses.

The consequence has naturally been, that if you meet half-a-dozen people in a room who have all spent as many years in a Colony, the chances are that you get just as many diverse views as there are individuals to supply them. Every man judges by his own experience, and by his own experience alone; like us wiseacres at home, imagining that what occurs to his own little self is an infallible indication of what occurs to all others who by any possible calculation can be brought within the same category. It is the old story of the Chameleon over and over again; and according as the traveller has viewed the scene under gloom or sunshine, or in a happy or grumbling mood, so is his picture charged with darkness or with light. Mr. Haygarth himself mentions the Australian scenery as one of these subjects fertile in contradictory testimonies:

"It is not enough," he says, "to study the different aspects of its scenery as it appears in the vicinity of the capital or inland townships, and along the sombre forest-girt coasts in the untrodden wilderness, and in the long-settled districts, where avarice has overstocked the pastures, and laid bare many a once blooming spot. It must be studied under every change of season and circumstance; and these vary so much, that the traveller who visits the country after a long drought might justly be repelled by the uninviting aspect of a district the exuberant fertility of which, on another occasion, would call forth his warmest admiration. A very short time is sufficient to work these extraordinary changes, and the experienced colonist, who has long witnessed their progress and effects, has no reason to be surprised at the conflicting testimony of travellers on the subject of Australian scenery."

And what is true of the mere physical peculiarities of a country is true of its inhabitants, capabilities, customs, and every thing else that belongs to it. There is no possible means of getting at the whole truth but by calling in an apparently interminable host of narrators, and correcting the errors of one by the faults of another. Every such book as Mr. Haygarth's, therefore, is a *bonâ fide* addition to our knowledge of these lands, so

incalculably important to a people situated as we are in our present state of population and civilisation. The question of emigration, indeed, is assuredly the question of the day. Thronged as are our overgrown cities; mortgaged and half-cultivated as is but too large a portion of our land at home; with an awful disproportion, and that incessantly on the increase, between food and the mouths that demand it; the promises actually held out by our colonial possessions have become a matter that every day has a deeper interest for every family in the empire.

The *Bush Life in Australia*, like many other unpretending productions, will be found as useful as it is unpretending; and not the less so because its author is manifestly a man whose early education and habits had prepared him for a mode of life far different from that which he found in the country of his adoption. Every now and then a remark breaks out in his pages, or a little Latin quotation enlivens his descriptions of oxen, drags, gullies, blacks, kangaroos, and all the sorrows and wonders of bush-life, which betray the lingering looks with which he has been wont to turn his eyes back over the broad ocean, and think of things lost to him, never to return. At the same time, his general spirit is of that manly, uncomplaining, vigorous order, which makes the best of the most unwelcome realities, and works heartily when ease and pleasure are denied except after a long probation of discomfort and toil.

His tale is told unmethodically, so far as dates and history are concerned; and not very systematically, even in subjects. The art of book-writing is not his; he writes what he has to say, in the manner which occurs to him when he takes pen in hand. We may, therefore, fairly consider his story as an unexaggerated, uncoloured statement of the facts which befell one of the thousands of intelligent and energetic settlers who have left England to find their home beyond the wide waste of waters. The turn which his thoughts not unfrequently took in the intervals of his labours, will be seen in his regrets for the sad character of the distant colonist's Sunday:

"Sunday is duly observed, even in the bush. It brings with it a cessation of labour, but leisure to some brings listlessness, and to others thought, and the alien's thoughts must often be sad. With what fond regrets, at such a time, does the recollection of home rush upon the mind! The sound of the village bells seems almost to ring in the ear, as fancy recalls the church that 'points with taper spire to heaven,' and the once familiar faces flocking under the well-known porch. Perhaps, too, something of self-reproach mingles with the settler's dream, as his thoughts wander back to the stately towers and solemn groves of our seats of learning; and he blames the blindness of his credulity, when he left the studies which he now feels were so much more congenial to his tastes—when he left them *non hoc pollicitus suis*, and feels conscious that he has faculties which might be better and more usefully employed than in the occupations of the life which he has chosen. But he looks round, and every thing that meets his eye reminds him that the die is cast, and repentance out of place. Most of all does it bring weariness to his spirit to feel himself deprived of the best helps to devotion, and to be cut off from all Christian communion. Perhaps there is not a church within fifty, or even a hundred miles; and he cannot help contrasting his present desolation with the punctual observances of his early life, the veneration for which, once felt, is seldom effaced from the heart. The philosopher may boast that he can pray anywhere, and the Christian will try to do so; but even with the wisest and best, religious feeling is too apt to decline when its outward forms are withdrawn from the sight. Blame not the toiling and overworked colonist. Let him who is inclined to censure, rather learn the value of those helps of which he has never felt the want; and be stimulated to extend to others on every possible occasion, and by all possible means, those blessings which he himself has always enjoyed."

Mr. Haygarth's opinion of the Australian climate is as sensible a narrative as need be given, on a subject in which travellers in every strange land are tempted to expatiate with equal length and absurdity. We entirely agree with him, in thinking that the climate we have here at home is one of the most practically useful in the whole world. This is the way he reasons upon its merits, compared with that of Australia:

"The climate of Australia has been so frequently discussed that I should scarcely advert to the subject, did I not wish to protest against the soundness of the claim which is constantly

set up for it in the colony, of superiority to that of Great Britain. Indeed, I have heard the climate at the antipodes extolled to such a degree, that I have begun to fear that the colonists would end by flattering themselves that there was no fine weather in any other part of the globe. The majority of travellers who visit Australia declare its climate to be the very best in the world. One of the very best it undoubtedly is: there are probably few countries where there are more fine days out of the 365; none where there is a more anti-consumptive atmosphere, or a purer expanse of sky: infantine diseases are unknown, and man can nowhere expect to enjoy more uninterrupted health. If he loses it, it is usually through his own fault. If a perfect climate is to be found any where it is that of Sydney in the winter, where, for about three months, that is to say, during June, July, and August, it would be impossible for the veriest grumbler to say that the weather was too hot, too cold, too anything, unless he should adopt the complaint of Captain Hall's discontented friends, and call it 'too temperate.' The sky is without a cloud, the sun warm, without the excessive heat of summer, the air clear as crystal, and of a nature peculiarly buoyant and exhilarating. But the only true criterion of the excellence of a climate is the growth and perfection of its animal and vegetable productions; and after a long residence in the country, and close attention to the subject, I am bound to say that, judged by this test, the preference, upon the whole, must be awarded to the climate of Great Britain. The question is not which is the most agreeable climate; this is a point which depends entirely upon each man's peculiar constitution and taste. The climate of Australia is delightfully dry, but this dryness amounts to a defect. Our English moisture is wanting to produce, as it does in this country, the great luxuriance and variety of scenery and verdure, and to bring the animal and vegetable kingdom to the highest perfection. Where there is scarcely any winter there is not the full enjoyment of summer, and where there is 'perpetual spring' there is virtually none."

The following mournful tale we do not remember ever to have read of before. The only wonder is, that such a wretched fate is not more often the lot of the women who accompany the adventurous settler to the very confines of the homes of the savages.

"It was at Omio that I first heard the shocking story, known, alas! to be too true, of the white woman who has for some time been detained among the wild blacks of the southern coast. She had been sent at an early age to England, for the purpose of completing her education, and was returning to her friends in the prime of youth, when the vessel in which she was a passenger was wrecked in Bass's Straits, within two days' sail of Sydney. Part of the crew had been drowned, and the few that reached the shore, with the exception of this ill-fated girl, were massacred by the blacks. Numerous parties, chiefly composed of residents in the adjacent districts, some induced by a large reward, others by a better feeling, have at various times set out to recapture her and restore her to her family, but as yet, I believe, without success. Vast tracts of the country in which she is known to be confined are thickly wooded and broken, and in many parts it is almost impenetrable. But there are other and even greater difficulties to be surmounted by those who undertake the pursuit of the savages. They must not only traverse these almost inaccessible regions, at times without the bare satisfaction of knowing that they are on the right scent, but they must also use the utmost caution to conceal their intentions; for there is good reason to fear that, if the blacks found themselves unable to carry away their victim, they would, by a blow of a waddie, put an end to her sufferings, and thus frustrate the exertions of her rescuers, when upon the point of meeting with success. The colonists have made great efforts towards her recovery, and ultimately it is to be hoped they will rescue the unfortunate sufferer. She has been seen now and then. It is said that she is always attended by a black, who watches her with great vigilance. Her lot has indeed been dreadful. At a time of life when the faculties are most vigorous, and the sensibility is keenest, when education had given her all the accomplishments of civilised life, and cultivated her sense of its refinements, to be torn away from all she loved at the moment when she hoped to be united to them for life, and to become the prey of the most barbarous race of men upon earth,—death, under any shape, would have been preferable—the club of the savage, or a virgin grave beneath the waters of the Pacific."

The general impression which Mr. Haygarth would leave upon his reader's mind is very decidedly in favour of the settlement, for those who are patient, energetic, cautious, and bold. It is no Paradise for the idle, no gold-mine for the merely covetous. It pays well; but it calls for an almost boundless investment of labour, endurance, and determination. The sensitive, the timid, the indolent, should never put their foot upon

those illimitable hills and plains; but beneath the hand of the unyielding Anglo-Saxon, they are by degrees assuming the condition and the aspect of the abode of civilised man. We cannot do better than conclude with our author's contrast between the successes of two settlers of opposite character and conduct.

"About twenty miles from us dwelt two men, of that class usually known as small settlers. Neither was superior to the other in point of natural talent or education. Both had begun with a small capital, both were married and resided on their stations. The means of both were alike, yet nothing more different could be imagined than the results obtained. The first occupied part of a fine open creek, skirted with forest, which, jutting out here and there, formed several sequestered nooks, in one of which, combining the usual requisites of wood and water, he had erected his improvements, the whole of them neatly constructed, and kept in excellent repair. Two large stacks of wheat, and another of hay, stood in an adjacent yard, and the sound of the flail might be heard until a late hour every day. It was a dairy station too, and sixty or seventy fine cows were milked at sunrise every morning, and brought home from the pastures in the evening to suckle their calves. The dairy itself was a pattern of cleanliness and good order, and several sleek porkers in a sty close at hand gave evident proofs that the skimmed milk had not been wasted. There was an excellent kitchen-garden, strongly fenced in, and containing nearly all kinds of vegetables used in England, and poultry swarmed at every turn and corner. At sunset a small but well-conditioned drove of horses came home, of their own accord, from their distant pasture-grounds, to pick up anything that might be given them, and attracted principally by the rock-salt, which was strewed about the place to encourage these visits, as they are so fond of it that they will continue to lick it for hours together. It was a pleasure to witness the regularity and well-ordered routine with which every thing about the station was carried on. Nor was the internal economy less creditable to the mistress of the mansion. The four rooms of which it was composed were all clean and comfortable. In the one that served for dining-room and kitchen the ceiling was hung with divers articles indicative of good housekeeping—prime joints of dried beef and slices of bacon, interspersed with pumpkins and melons, and 'cobs' of Indian corn. The furniture, though rude, was well arranged, and the dresser, made of colonial pine, was as clean and white as snow. The family consisted of three or four girls, neatly dressed, and looking happy; the eldest was busily employed in making wheat-straw hats, which we were informed were so much prized in the neighbourhood that the demand far exceeded the supply; while several well-thumbed spelling and copy-books, on an adjacent shelf, shewed that the youngest were making the best of their time. The whole economy of the station, in its daily routine, resembled that of a prosperous farm in England.

"We must now turn to the contrast. A ride of a few miles only, to the other end of the creek, brings us to a very different scene. Here, too, the site of the station is pretty; but the stock having been carelessly allowed to graze too near the place, the herbage around is scanty, giving it a faded and untidy appearance. The owner is a thin, anxious-looking man, with a restless eye and manner. He is evidently aware of the unpromising aspect of his farm, but is unwilling to take the least part of the blame to himself, and lays it all on some other cause, chiefly the ways of the country, his own ill luck, and the badness of the times. The buildings are awkwardly patched and repaired in all directions, apparently at the cost of more labour than would have been required to restore them completely. The bark is falling off the roof of the house in several places, and is replaced by unseemly pieces of dry hide, which are kept down by large stones. 'They are going' to get new bark—when the blacks come to strip it.' The cattle have strayed away in great numbers, and are to be found on everybody's ground but their owner's, while his saddle horses are all knocked up with hunting them. 'It was then too late in the season to muster, but when spring came he'd make some of them come back faster than they went away—that he would.' The wheat-paddock is filled with stray stock of all kinds, which never go in and out by the same gap. 'Grain would be low next year, and it would be cheaper to buy than to cultivate.' There are plenty of pigs 'on the station,' but they 'run' two or three miles off, and are seen, on an average, not oftener than once a month. However, 'they do better' at large, in a warm country, than when pent up in a sty. Butter there is none—'In a country where there are no navigable rivers, it 'don't pay' at that distance from market.' Two cows are kept for milk, or rather only one, for the other is being 'broken in,' and seldom comes home until she is fetched with horse and whip at her heels, and when she is in the yard no living soul could milk her. 'But cows,' he remarks, 'are like working oxen; he liked them to be rather wild at first, they always turned out best in the long run: quiet ones are apt to grow sulky.'

"Towards evening the report of a stockwhip is heard in the distance, and presently the hopeful son and heir appears in sight,—a well-looking and spirited youth, but utterly neglected, and wild as the horses he has been hunting. Of his day's sport he gives a graphic account, in his own desultory style:—How he has been out all day, not on his own business, but because he had been bent upon running down a certain black mare, the property of a neighbour, which had hitherto defied all pursuit, and was known (from a lagoon near which she was usually found) by the title of the 'Lady of the Lake'—how they had started in chase of this intractable lady, determined to drive her into the enclosures at all risks—how they had got on her track, had found her in the ranges, had run her 'breast-high,' till she was forced to betake herself to the open country—how they had 'stuck to her' for several hours, until at last they had brought her in, more dead than alive, to the enclosures, whence she was not to be liberated until she and the saddle had become well acquainted with each other. He winds up his discourse with an emphatic panegyric upon the horse he is riding, declaring that he improves in his galloping after the first four or five miles, and defying the colony to produce his equal. The fond parent listens to this eventful story with intense interest, and at its conclusion expresses his entire approbation of the whole proceedings. As his son turns away he gazes after him with irrepressible satisfaction. He was 'no scholar,' he says, but for all that he 'knew what o'clock it was;' and for cracking a stockwhip, or sitting a buckjumper, he'd back him against any member of the legislative council. Whether some of this energy would not have been better employed in improving the aspect of affairs at home, never seemed to enter the heads of either father or son."

Short Notices.

Dolman's Magazine. July.

THE most important article in this No. is Mr. Stokes's appeal and statement on the subject of Catholic education. We cannot too earnestly recommend attention to the facts he repeats and to the views he urges. "An Apology for Roodcreens," by Mr. Paley, is a calm and temperate plea on a subject which is at times the source of not a little of the *odium archæologicum*. We wholly disagree with the learned author of the paper, and rejoice to find that, though one of the best advocates of his view of the question, he has so little to say that will justify a revival which is contrary to the present practice of almost the whole of the Catholic Church throughout the world. A soulless conservatism we cannot endure, but a soulless revivalism is even still less to our tastes. Such a revivalism Mr. Paley himself would be the last to uphold.

The Labour Question. By M. Michel Chevalier, Professor of Political Economy at the College of France. Translated from the French. London, H. G. Clarke.

A VIGOROUS and energetic exposure of the labour schemes of Louis Blanc, reprinted from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of March 15, 1848. We wish we could believe that such essays had a universal circulation throughout France. M. Chevalier's pages also contain occasional incidental remarks, which shew up well the artificial character of the French economical system in all its meanderings. Take the following as a specimen:

"Our administrative system, amongst other defects, is full of petty regulations of an infinite extent. With pretensions to liberty, we are more interfered with, and consequently, I do not hesitate to say, less free in our undertakings, than any nation in Europe. A compact despotism exists in France of dusty papers. The despotism of the *ancien régime* was overturned, that of Napoleon succumbed as soon as military glory ceased to support it. Nevertheless the *bureaucratie* (official despotism) flourishes more than ever, and the last thirty years have served to give it the deepest root. We are compelled to render it an account of all our projects, to ask its permission for our slightest acts. It takes our demands with a nonchalant air, turns and returns them, and sends them at its leisure from one official to another. It exhausts our patience, keeps our activity on the rack, disappoints our most legitimate desires. Some years ago was published a list of the formalities which are necessary for a proprietor to go through, whose property borders on a river, to place there a ferry-boat. There are not less than forty or fifty despatches, and, following the ordinary course, it would last about as long as the siege of Troy. This monstrous abuse of centralisation, and the official spirit, is a great injury to the public. It is, besides, incompatible with liberty; but not to speak of the material effects of this *régime*, it may be represented under this form, that it deprives us all of half an hour or an hour a day, out of the eight or nine effective hours of labour. The result is, then, the same as if it despoiled society of the eighth, the ninth, or at least the sixteenth, of its capital, of that which gives us wealth, ease, or subsistence. leave every one to draw his own conclusions."

The Fine Arts.

An Attempt to Discriminate the Styles of Architecture in England from the Conquest to the Reformation.

By the late Thomas Rickman, F.S.A. Fifth Edition, with very considerable Additions, and new Plates. London, Parker.

LONG as we had waited for, and much as we had looked for from, this new edition of an established work on Church Architecture, we must candidly admit that the result has surpassed our expectations. Mr. Parker has produced a most beautiful volume, exceeding, we think, in the choiceness of the examples for illustration, and the clearness and delicacy of their engraving, all the previous books, numerous and excellent as they are, on the same subject. The old series of plates has been exchanged for a better; while the text of Mr. Rickman's last edition has been retained, with additions inserted in brackets, or by way of foot-notes to the pages. Mr. Parker has rightly judged, that "what the work really required to make it more intelligible to the public was, a better set of engravings of the objects described." The previous editions contained poor outline sketches of very mediocre designs of the author's own composition: these have been entirely removed, consistently with the advance which has been made since the book was written, and the works of Mr. O. Jewitt on wood, and Mr. Le Keux on steel, have happily succeeded to them. The great majority of these, which are very numerous (above 230) have been now for the first time engraved, a few only having been borrowed from works already published.

Mr. Parker observes in his preface: "Notwithstanding the numerous works which have appeared within the last five or six years, it is surprising to observe how very little real information has been added to that which Mr. Rickman collected and digested." From this statement we entirely dissent, and against it we protest. In two respects, both of them primary points in the recovery of a lost science, Mr. Rickman did little or nothing; first, in archæology, such as in the documentary proofs of the dates of the styles, which he laid down somewhat erroneously, and certainly much too generally to be sufficient;* secondly, in tracing the origin of forms and details, in following out the progressive changes through which they passed, and in shewing that these changes consisted not so much in the invention of new forms as in developments and modifications of old ones. In these respects, as in others, Professor Willis has done more for the real knowledge of the art than any one before or since the publication of his sagacious and valuable researches. Mr. Rickman discovered and classified the styles, just as Newton discovered the solar system, and Porson the laws of Greek metres and the true principles of criticism; of all which it is sometimes invidiously said, that the only wonder is that they remained so long undiscovered. But in all these cases there was scope and room enough for amplifying, confirming, and rectifying first principles. There was still a field left for a Herschel, a Hermann, and a Willis. Mr. Parker does even himself an injustice. To him personally an immensity of gratitude is due for his enterprise, perseverance, and enthusiasm in the cause. He alone has placed the study of the art on a new footing, just as Prof. Willis may be said to have set the science of it on a sounder basis; while the labours of Mr. Sharpe and the Messrs. Brandon have opened a new mine of detail, by which materials for comparison and reference, hitherto quite inaccessible, have been abundantly supplied.

The general accuracy and acuteness of Mr. Rickman are called by Mr. Parker "quite wonderful." That gentleman had the advantage of an amount of personal research which we do not think any individual, with the exception of the Messrs. Brandon,† has since been able to bring to bear upon the pursuit of Gothic architecture. The truth is, this science, like every other,

has certain broad principles, and is susceptible of certain primary distinctions, which, when once found out, culminate easily and rapidly into a regular system; so that it is very possible for the discoverer of it to carry it to such a degree of perfection as a system, that but little is apparently left for his successors to achieve. When once the main points are seized and comprehended, and established as true, every new example tells immediately; and it was because Mr. Rickman had so large a stock of examples personally inspected and noted down, rather than from any particular sagacity, that he was enabled to accomplish what he did.

We say this, judging the author in some measure by his works as an architect. In these, we hesitate not to say, but little genius is shewn. They were good for the time; good, that is, as a first revival of a lost art; but neither his details nor his composition will bear comparison for a moment with those of many architects now living and practising. In what he calls "Perpendicular," he succeeded the best; in the others, his success was—it must be confessed, with all respect for and gratitude to his memory—below criticism. Now, we cannot recognise great genius in one who is unable to apply and practically carry out the principles he has realised in ancient works. To do so, is the test of their real comprehension. Any thing short of this, is to lay down the rules without entering deeply into the feeling of ancient art.

However, we hail with pleasure and delight the reappearance of a work which certainly was the first systematic treatise on Gothic Architecture. There is much in it which will be found new information, on a reperusal, even by those who have for years pursued their researches under newer guides, and have laid their first preceptor on the shelf, forgotten amid the host of exciting novelties which surround them. Mr. Rickman, though not a refined writer, had a happy way of expressing himself, and a perspicuity in his descriptions, which have not been excelled. These qualities alone give a certain value to his book, as a grammar of the art, to which none of the rest have equal pretensions.

But we deny that Mr. Rickman went very deeply into the science of Gothic architecture. He was deficient in several qualifications necessary for that purpose. He was not a literary man; he was utterly ignorant of Catholic customs, doctrines, and rubrics, some knowledge of which is indispensable to the understanding the use, meaning, and origin of many arrangements in ancient churches; he had not the key to those secrets of medieval art, which we cannot now, indeed, fully disclose, but which we nevertheless feel to be essential to a right comprehension of the subject. He was, in fine, solely a practical man, and did not get much below the surface of what he saw. He had not a particle of theory, or deductive reasoning, in his composition; he viewed things only as they were; and so far, but not further, Mr. Parker's eulogy of him may fairly be admitted.

As an external observer, however, the author of this work has perhaps no superior. For classification, too, he had a talent, but principally because acute observation seldom fails to find out some method of arranging the mass of instances which come under notice.

Instances of this acuteness are the following: "There is much of the other styles which appears evidently to be the copy by an inferior hand of better workmanship elsewhere; this is remarkably the case in perpendicular work, but is hardly any where to be found in early English work; all appears well designed and carefully executed." On which we may observe, that the author himself seems not to have detected the circumstance that almost the whole nave and nave-aisles of Westminster Abbey were built in the perpendicular age in close imitation of the earlier work; for he remarks of it that, "except a very few parts, some of which are quite modern, it may be considered good early English throughout."

Of decorative enrichments he correctly observes, and with a comprehension of principles which might not have been looked for in his time:

"It will be necessary to state, that though ornament is often profusely used in this style, yet these ornaments are like

* Thus he says simply, that Norman prevailed till 1189, Early English till 1307, Decorated till 1377, Perpendicular till the seventeenth century, in a debased form. It is now pretty well agreed that Geometrical Decorated commenced at least as early as 1270.

† Authors of "An Analysis of Gothic Architecture," "Parish Churches," &c.

Grecian enrichments, and may be left out without destroying the grand design of the building; while the ornaments of the next are more often a minute division of parts of the building, as panels, buttresses, &c. than the carved ornaments used in this style. In some of the more magnificent works, a variety of flowered carvings are used all over, and yet the building does not appear overloaded; while some of the late perpendicular buildings have much less flowered carvings, yet look overloaded with ornaments, from the fatiguing recurrence of minute parts, which prevent the comprehension of the general design."

The cause of an effect which Mr. Rickman felt and endeavoured to assign a reason for, has since been more clearly laid down by Mr. Pugin in his "True Principles," viz. that ornament should never be used for its own sake, but only for decorating construction.

Of the Norman style he rightly observes:

"It appears as if the round and pointed arches were, for nearly a century, used indiscriminately, as was most consonant to the necessities of the work, or the builder's ideas. Kirkstall and Buildwas abbeys [he might have added Fountains, founded in 1132, about the same time as Buildwas,] have all their exterior round arches, but the nave has pointed arches in the interior. There are some Norman arches so near a semicircle as to be only just perceptibly pointed, and with the rudely carved Norman ornaments."

So true it is that the pointed arch was known to and used by the Normans, half a century before Gothic or pointed architecture arose. That the universal use of this feature was in a manner necessitated by the improvements which took place in vaulting towards the end of the twelfth century (which improvements were effected by substituting a pointed for an awkwardly stilted semicircular arch), is now a matter of little or no doubt. An instance of the influence which transformed the round nave-arch into the pointed, to accommodate it to the adjoining bay of aisle-vaulting, is curiously exhibited in the nave-aisles of Christ Church, Hampshire, where pointed groin-ribs rise on each side so as to enclose a round pier-arch, and manifestly suggest a change in its shape.

On the whole, we must pronounce this a most desirable book. The new illustrations have quite altered the aspect and character of the former editions, and added to its value tenfold; in fact, the text forms rather a vehicle to the engravings, than the engravings serve to illustrate the text. Mr. O. Jewitt has produced some exquisite specimens of wood-engraving, among which we may instance the cut of Lichfield Cathedral, in p. 184, that of St. Mary's, Taunton, in p. 219, and the perspective sketches of wooden roofs in pp. 223, 224. This gentleman maintains his reputation as the first architectural wood-engraver of the day, though hard pressed by his enterprising and talented rivals, the Messrs. Delamotte and Heaviside.

Ancient and Modern Art, Historical and Critical. By G. Cleghorn, Esq. 2d edit. enlarged. Blackwood.

WE have been hitherto prevented, by the press of other matter which would not bear delay, from noticing the second edition of Mr. Cleghorn's valuable manual. These two words, indeed, express very nearly what his work is in extent and aim. Barren as is our literature of any thing like histories of art, written by men of wide personal acquaintance with the works of art in various countries, animated by a true philosophical spirit, and sufficiently versed in the technical minutiae of the subjects they discuss, we do not wonder that the *Ancient and Modern Art* has attained a very fair degree of popularity, though it can hardly lay claim to the qualifications of a first-rate history. The author's acquaintance with many of the objects of painting, sculpture, and architecture, which he describes and criticises, is evidently derived from other writers; nor has he probed the conflicting artistic theories of the present and past times so deeply, or meditated so profoundly on the eternal laws of all excellence of form, colour, and composition, as to be enabled to survey the domain of art with a master's eye, or even to render his criticisms always completely consistent with one another.

Hence there is a certain dryness and occasional superficiality in his remarks, alien altogether from that

spirit with which he would ever desire to touch upon such ennobling subjects; while very disproportionate degrees of attention and detail are given to the various periods and schools which have arisen from time to time in the history of the world. That his sketches on English, Scottish, and Irish art should assume a special degree of prominence, was not, indeed, to be complained of, but, unfortunately, those who seek for any thing like a complete outline of the history of art in these very branches themselves, will be wofully disappointed in Mr. Cleghorn's pages. For while his notices of the mediæval sculpture in England are excessively meagre, on old English painting he has still less to say; and on that most fertile and interesting theme, the ancient art of Ireland, he has no information whatever to communicate, and seems utterly ignorant that there was a period when Ireland was well nigh the first country in Europe in the cultivation of every one of the fine arts, as also in music, theology, and general literature. Were we to judge by Mr. Cleghorn's history, there was no such thing as national Irish art before the year 1731. To his own country he is a little more fair, though much more, we suspect, yet remains to be made of the works of art of ancient Scottish genius.

Other defective portions of the volumes are to be found in the very cursory allusions to the names and characteristics of the old Greek and Roman painters. Unhappily, so vast a proportion of their pictures have perished, that the history of the classical artists is not a subject of much popular interest. Yet much is really known respecting their works, style, excellence, and mode of working, a *resumé* of which ought unquestionably to have found its way into every book which calls itself by the title of *Ancient and Modern Art*. Of the minor arts also our author says but little, and that only in an incidental manner. Glass-painting, metal-working, illumination and ornamentation, enamelling, engraving, mosaic, brick-work and terra-cotta, embroidery, and all the other beautiful modes in which the spirit of art has developed its hidden powers among our own forefathers and throughout Europe generally, he scarcely alludes to; and confines himself strictly to the three old fashioned cut-and-dried divisions of architecture, sculpture, and painting.

Whatever he does touch upon, however, Mr. Cleghorn handles, in what may, perhaps, be called a very *sensible* spirit; and if we are disposed to demur to some of his judgments, both at large and in detail, we must do him the justice to say that he has put together a large amount of valuable information, and conveyed it to his readers in a straight-forward, intelligent, and unaffected manner. Nor is he by any means without a certain degree of enthusiasm, or a devotee to the miserable, effete style of criticism, which treats of works of art solely from an external point of view, and imagines that a happy combination of outward circumstances, united with a sufficient measure of frigid intellectual ability, will suffice to produce great and genuine artists. The following extract from his chapter of Reflections on the Italian schools, notwithstanding one or two misrepresentations which it contains, shews that Mr. Cleghorn is well aware that the inspiration of the artist must spring from within.

"It was a remark of the monk Savonarola, the great champion of reform in religion, education, and art—a remark worthy of consideration—that the degeneracy of art had kept pace with the decline in religion and morals, from which he inferred that the regeneration of the one would necessarily lead to that of the other. We have seen that Raffael, the contemporary of Savonarola, was the first whose pencil celebrated his apotheosis; and that the scepticism and corruption of morals, which had by that time made considerable inroads into the different schools, rapidly increased after the death of Raffael and the other great masters, and virtually kept pace with the accelerated decline of art. Mr. Drummond is of opinion, not without some reason, that 'while Lorenzo de' Medici raised art to its highest elevation, he at the same time sowed the seeds of corruption, both among artists and the people, by requiring the former to paint lascivious subjects of mythology, such as Venuses, Danaës, Leda, &c., which, instead of making men and women holier, tended to habituate the eye and taste to scenes of indelicacy: and that religious feeling, its true support, being thus destroyed, art soon began to decline.' But Mr. Drummond carries this principle much too far, when he

asserts that the excellence of the early painters is to be attributed to a direct inspiration from heaven, as embodied in the tenets of the Church of Rome. Overbeck, the eminent German artist, has not only become a convert to this doctrine, but reduced it to practice by actually changing his religion and joining the Roman Church, under the conviction that it is the only means by which he can attain the true devotional purity of design. Others have followed his example. Now, without going the absurd lengths of Mr. Drummond and Overbeck, it may safely be affirmed, that it is impossible for an artist to excel in the highest department of biblical art who is not well versed in the Scriptures and deeply imbued with religious feeling. A painter devoid of all religion may, it is true, mimic the style and works of other masters; he may, as regards the mechanism and requisites of art, produce a good picture—what, in the eyes of the many, appears a good religious composition—but the soul, sentiment, and internal interest will be wanting."

In another series of brief criticisms, in the same chapter, Mr. Cleghorn rises above his usual standards of artistic perfection:

"The religious expression, or Christian ideal, is variously represented by the Italian masters, according to their respective tastes, genius, and schools. Fra Angelico and the Umbrian school, with Raffael at their head, have made the nearest approach to the true religious character and aspiration. Da Vinci, Correggio, Andrea del Sarto, and their followers, have, perhaps, sacrificed too much to grace and beauty at the expense of falling occasionally into coquetry and mannerism. Albani and Mignard have pushed this tendency to its utmost extent. Michel Angelo, Tintoretto, Caravaggio, and their imitators, making grandeur and force their principal aim, have approached the limits of a fierce and exalted materialism. Spagnoletto (Ribera) has even fallen into the brutal and atrocious. The Caracci, and especially the schools which succeeded them, devoted themselves too exclusively to imitation, science, and mechanism, to permit them to excel in the imaginative and purely religious sentiment."

With many readers, Mr. Cleghorn's sketches of the condition, prospects, and difficulties of art and artists in our own times will be the most agreeable parts of his history. With many of his views we entirely agree, though we are far from thinking that he has either discovered or expounded all the causes which lie at the root of our unfortunate mediocrity. So far as he goes, indeed, he generally takes a sensible, matter-of-fact view, which, if it does not possess sufficient power to arouse the world of art to a true consciousness of its proper aim, and the means of success, will yet tend materially to prepare the way for something higher and deeper, whenever it shall make its appearance amongst us. He fully recognises the wretched condition of British architecture, though, being more conversant with the writers and works of what we suppose may be called the old school, than with the progress of the Gothic movement, which for better and for worse has sprung up throughout the kingdom, he seems hardly aware of the unquestionable advancement in true architectural art which is due to the last ten or fifteen years. A few sentences will shew the mode in which he accounts for our lamentable failures.

"The low state of modern British architecture compared with that of other countries of Europe, has been attributed to various causes—to the Iconoclastic simplicity of the Protestant church—to the limited power of the sovereign—to the distribution of the revenues of the empire being in the hands of the representatives of the people—to the liberty of the subject and security of property, conducing to the love of home and individual comfort, contrasted with the pride in national structures—to the taxes and fiscal restrictions, particularly as regards windows—lastly, to the influence of climate, short summers and long winters. These alleged causes, though not altogether without influence, are more specious than satisfactory. The chief cause, and which is at the bottom of the whole, is the prevalence of utilitarianism, more or less, among all ranks. Nor is it unmixed among many classes with a grovelling democracy, and a gloomy and sectarian evangelism, which would banish all elevated art as vain and sinful. This it is which, like a gangrene, undermines and neutralises all attempts to raise great and national monuments of art. This is admitted by Mr. Hamilton, and even gloried in by *The Westminster* reviewers. It is well remarked by *The Quarterly* reviewers, that as long as the impatience of the public calls for hasty execution, and alternate extravagance and parsimony preside over the funds supplied for public edifices, it is impossible to expect excellence."

Here in the south, indeed, we have little knowledge of the thickheaded obstinacy with which the canny Scots refuse to see any beauty in the unproductive results of the pencil and the chisel. Miserably up-hill work as is the lot of the promoters of the Fine Arts in London, and in most parts of England, we suspect it is a kind of triumphal progress in comparison with the thankless toil of the few ardent spirits who, north of the Tweed, would fain instil some little taste and enthusiasm into the sharp-witted denizens of that city which, by way of irony, is called the modern Athens. Let us hear our author's record of some of the doings of these followers of Pericles and lovers of Phidias.

"If our modern Athens do not soon rival her ancient prototype in monumental statuary, it is not for want of monument-voting meetings, speeches, resolutions, subscription lists, committees, and titled names to grace them. Novelty is the all-powerful ingredient in the patronage of the day. At a meeting for a new statue or monument, the speeches breathe nothing but fire and enthusiasm. The most magnanimous resolutions are passed by acclamation. Yet a little while, and all subsides into the most perfect indifference and imperturbable repose. No sooner is the first burst of excitement over, than the tide turns in the direction of some new object; and then, as well might we hope to bind the ocean with chains as attempt to lead the current back to its former channel. Need we allude to the statues and monuments projected within the last quarter of a century? To the statue voted to James Watt, which has never more been heard of—to Mr. Pitt's statue, voted by the Pitt club of Scotland, and which remained so many years in abeyance for want of funds—to the famous Reform Monument, which, from the high-sounding and magniloquent orations delivered at the meeting, portended something of marvellous and surpassing grandeur, but in a few weeks after the novelty and excitement had passed away, was utterly forgot, and consigned 'to the tomb of all the Capulets,'—to the monument to Sir Walter Scott, which, in spite of the enthusiastic and patriotic effusions of the aristocratic and learned personages who crowded the meeting, and the subsequent urgent appeals to the public by circulars and domiciliary visits, has only been completed and inaugurated within a few months? The circumstances connected with the monument to Robert Burns are too well known to dwell upon. Notwithstanding the repeated appeals to the public for years, the requisite funds for its completion—a few hundred pounds—could not be obtained. The Melville column in St. Andrew Square, voted with such zeal, was finished more than twenty years ago by the committee of contributors appointed to carry it into execution, but who have never been able to realise the subscriptions for which they were responsible to the contractors. But the most signal and lamentable example of such fickleness and inconstancy is the failure of the National Monument on the Calton Hill—an undertaking sanctioned by a special and public act of parliament, and which could boast the support of a majority of the peerage, aristocracy, and professional classes of Scotland, headed by his Majesty George IV. as patron! The intended equestrian statue of George IV. as an episode to the above, furnishes another glaring proof how little confidence can be placed in such meetings and resolutions. The statue was voted by a large proportion of the nobility and aristocracy of Scotland in commemoration of the royal visit in 1822. Pleased with this mark of loyalty and respect, his Majesty actually pointed out the site on which he was desirous it should be placed—namely, the northern platform of the Castle. Yet, in defiance of all the resolutions and ardent professions of loyalty, the contributions soon began to languish, and at length altogether ceased. Thus situated, the acting committee felt themselves constrained to relinquish the equestrian statue and substitute a pedestrian one in its place—a change of plan which was intimated to his Majesty in as delicate a manner as possible; but which, if report speaks true, elicited a very warm and caustic remark from the illustrious person in question. After the lapse of some years, when the statue was nearly completed, it was discovered that the funds were still inadequate; and it was not till his Majesty's demise that a sort of forced contribution was got up among the official gentlemen of the city, which, however, failed in its object, and had not Sir P. Chantrey very handsomely made them a present of a granite pedestal, the statue could not have been erected."

Mr. Cleghorn gives us a tolerably complete outline of the rise and progress of the founders of modern German painting. A fragment of his account of the school of Munich will serve as a specimen of his remarks upon their works:

"The school of Munich, and that of Cornelius, are in a manner synonymous terms. All the artists are not his pupils, for many are his contemporaries, yet has he mainly contributed

to the grandeur and originality of historical painting. His powerful genius is equally great, whether he selects the romantic or the classical. His style is severe, chaste, and elevated—inspired by poetry, especially the epic, which is his natural element. Schnorr is more Teutonic; the romantic poetry of the heroic and chivalric times having impressed a decided character on his genius. His frescoes are distinguished for composition, grace, and delicate sentiment. He has occasionally painted in oil-colours, but his chief occupation has been the composition of drawings for fresco painting. Henry Hess is devoted to sacred and Christian subjects, religious sentiment being the predominant character of his genius. His great work, which was exclusively confided to him by the king, is the series of frescoes from the Old and New Testament, in the chapel of All Saints. In style, they have a strong analogy to the works of Giotto and the older masters preceding Raffael, as well as the pictures and mosaics of the Lower Empire. His object is to represent religion in all its simplicity and solemnity, divested of human passion, and irrespective of beauty and grace, or the æsthetical principle of the antique. He has been engaged in completing his magnificent Last Supper in fresco in the refectory of the Benedictine convent, whose church will be the basilica, now almost finished. Herr Caspar is engaged on the interior of the temple with a fresco of Stephen stoned. One of the greatest compositions of the German school is the Combat of the Huns by Kaulbach, a pupil of Cornelius, painted for Count Raczyński, and now in his possession. This was followed by his grand work of the Destruction of Jerusalem. He is now engaged in a series of compositions for the King of Prussia illustrative of the origin of nations, commencing with the building of Babel and its fall, and the wickedness of Nimrod, to be brought down to Greece, the Crusades, and the Reformation. He is likewise to execute the series of frescoes for the New Pinacotheka for modern paintings. The finished parts of the splendid glass paintings intended for the Cathedral of Cologne are much admired. The beautiful cartoons for this purpose, representing the Death of Christ, are by Anthony Fischer. The same artist is soon to commence another work to be executed on glass—the Effusion of the Holy Ghost. Peter Hess, the eminent battle-painter, has nearly completed the fourth piece of the extensive order from the Emperor of Russia, representing the Storming of Smolensko."

As a pendant to this, we may quote our author's account of the famous school of the Caracci:

"The celebrated school or academy of the Caracci, established by Ludovico and his two cousins Agostino and Hannibal, was in every respect a private institution. It enjoyed no privileges or immunities, received no support or patronage from the State, and consequently could confer no diplomas or premiums. It encountered the strongest opposition from the leading artists and schools of the time; but the genius, taste, and enthusiastic perseverance of the three Caracci triumphed over every obstacle. They were admirably fitted for the task they imposed on themselves. Unmarried, and without families to distract their attention, strangers alike to envy, jealousy, or mercenary motives, they devoted themselves exclusively to the advancement and restoration of art, and the instruction of their pupils. The study of nature, combined with the antique, and a select imitation of the best masters, was the principle on which they proceeded,—though this principle was modified to suit the genius and bent of the different pupils; each of whom was at liberty to choose that particular department and style most congenial to his taste and acquirements. Sometimes select pieces of the great masters were closely copied: sometimes the different masters and schools were imitated in individual figures; sometimes they were blended together in the same piece. More frequently the imitation was so free and general as to produce undoubted originality. The pupils received the full benefit of their masters' instruction, practice, and society. Anatomy, the antique, design, copying select works of the different schools, studying from the life, colouring, perspective, engraving, successively occupied their attention. The antique was at first rather slighted by Hannibal, who called it the Roman manner; but after visiting Rome he saw his error, and adopted it as an element of imitation. Even their hours of relaxation were not passed in idleness, but in sketching from nature, drawing caricatures, reading history and mythology, and reciting poetry. In short, it was, to all appearance, the beau idéal of a school of the higher department of art. It was unquestionably the means of reforming and sustaining art for a time throughout Italy; yet, if Guido Reni, and perhaps Domenichino, be excepted, it produced no artists that could be compared with the three Caracci. The cause of the decline of art had, it is probable, taken too deep root to be removed by the example of any school, or the exertions of any individuals. Though arrested for a time, corruption soon made its appearance; and their followers degenerating into mere copyists and mannerists, the art, deprived of all spirit and originality, sank into degradation. The

school of the Caracci has been suspected—and probably not without reason—of leaning too much to the principle of copying and imitating, and too little to the study of nature and original composition; a fault which, it may be supposed, became still more conspicuous among their followers. Moreover, the very celebrity and exclusive authority it acquired, by stifling all emulation and competition, had a tendency, like State academies, to damp the independence and originality of genius."

On the whole, Mr. Cleghorn's history supplies to a certain degree that *desideratum*, which in its full extent is yet far from being granted to us. What a real and complete history of art *ought* to be, he possesses no distinct or philosophical idea; and consequently his present essay does not adequately accomplish that at which it aims. It is not so much an outline, or a general sketch, as a series of remarks on various portions of the progress of art in all times. We need hardly say that the briefest abstract of a *history* ought to comprise all the leading features which the eye discerns at its widest range. At the same time, we do not forget the difficulties that lie in the way of a satisfactory execution of such a task as Mr. Cleghorn has undertaken, and are therefore more disposed to thank him for what he has done, than to find fault with him for what he has omitted.

Journal of the Week.

June 30.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

Parliamentary.—The adjourned debate on the Sugar Duties was resumed by Sir R. Inglis, who said that, with the exception of Sir E. N. Buxton and Mr. G. Thompson, not a single syllable had fallen from any member on the abolition of the slave-trade. The resolutions of the Government had been discussed with regard to material interests alone, and not with regard to the moral consequences likely to emanate from them. The new school of political economy disregarded "ships, colonies, and commerce," although the national defence of the country depended upon them; and on the present question the Government seemed inclined to disregard every consideration save that of the cheapness of sugar. Believing, as he did, that the diminished price of sugar was obtained by an awful price of blood, he declared that he would not be a party to give to the people of England cheap sugar so purchased.

Mr. Labouchere said he shared the indignation which Sir R. Inglis felt at the horrors of the slave-trade; but he was convinced that if we were firm to our determination to exclude slavery from our colonies, we should ultimately put down slavery by free labour all over the world. He thought that the advantages of immigration had been to some degree overrated; but certainly some advantage would be obtained, not by the importation of an immense number of free labourers, but by the importation of a limited number, as a check to the extravagant demands of the free negro population for wages. He concluded by declaring himself friendly to the freest immigration of labour which stopped short of a restoration of the slave-trade.

Mr. Goulburn confirmed the statement of Mr. Labouchere, that he had not concurred in the committee's recommendation of a 10s. protecting duty; and declared that in voting for the amendment of Sir J. Pakington, he did not intend to affirm his proposition, that the relief of the West Indian distress could only be accomplished by such a protecting duty. The view which in this crisis he took of this question was, that Government alone could provide a remedy commensurate to the distress under which the West Indies were then suffering; and he therefore wished to throw on Government the responsibility of affording them relief at present.

Sir R. Peel expressed his deep sympathy with the distress in the West Indies—colonies which had stood by us unflinchingly during the American and French revolutions, and had been the conductors by which the tempest of war had on both occasions been averted from our own shores. There were, however, social relations connected with those colonies, of even still higher value than political relations. The smaller the white population was in them, the more important was it for the purposes of civilisation, humanity, and religion, that we should come forward to protect them. He said there were only two suggestions of importance for the mitigation of West India suffering. The first was, that there should be a great supply of labour by immigration; and the second, that there should be direct assistance given to them by this country, by the increase and continuance of protection to their produce. Now, Her Majesty's Government had proposed a loan of public money for the first purpose. For his own part, he did not attach much importance to this increased supply of labour.

To pour in a large number of Coolies or other strangers would be injudicious; for you would only be adding to the population of the colonies without providing it with permanent employment. If you were to have immigration at all, you should have it at the cost of private speculation. He would therefore facilitate the enterprise of individual proprietors to obtain labour in every possible way, taking care at the same time that no ground should be afforded for the imputation that we were recurring to the slave-trade.

Lord J. Russell replied, and Mr. C. Anstey spoke in favour of the amendment. He condemned Mr. Cobden, and read several extraordinary extracts from that gentleman's pamphlet, entitled *England, Ireland, and America*. The constant interruptions with which the learned gentleman was received induced him twice to move the adjournment of the debate; but he subsequently withdrew his motions.

After some remarks from Colonel Dunne, declaring that there had been no compromise between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Irish members on the subject of the rum duties, the House divided, when the numbers were for the Ministerial proposition:

Ayes	260
Noes	245

Majority 15

The House then resolved itself into a committee of the whole House, amid loud cheerings from the Ministerial benches, Mr. Bernal in the chair.

The Cheltenham election has thus ended:

Hon. C. Fitzhardinge Berkeley	1024
Mr. Agg Gardner	848

Majority for Mr. Berkeley . . . 176

The Horsham election thus:

Mr. Fitzgerald	182
Lord E. Howard	115

Majority for Mr. Fitzgerald . . . 67

—The new College of St. Augustine's at Canterbury was consecrated yesterday by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. A. B. Hope is the founder, and has spent from 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.* upon the work.

FOREIGN NEWS.

In the Paris National Assembly General Cavaignac has been appointed to be head of the Government, with power to name his own Ministers. He ascended the tribune, and said, that, agreeably to the promise he had made the night before, he now deposited in the hands of the National Assembly the power it had been pleased to confer on him. The state of siege, added the General, shall be maintained, but the dictatorial power must cease. In conclusion, he announced that the Cabinet had just tendered him their resignation.

M. Flocon, Minister of Commerce, said that the Cabinet had retired with the Executive Committee, but had consented to retain office at the request of General Cavaignac.

The President next moved that thanks be addressed to General Cavaignac in the name of the National Assembly and France for the manner in which he had discharged the functions of President of the Executive Power; and that a decree, containing the expression of the unanimous sentiment of the country, be immediately passed. All the members rose and concurred in the proposition. General Cavaignac begged that the decree might include the National Guards and army, and the general officers—his comrades—who had so powerfully assisted him in suppressing the revolt. This was unanimously assented to. Gen. Lebreton moved that the Assembly should not accept the resignation of General Cavaignac.

M. Martin de Strasbourg rose and demanded that General Cavaignac be appointed by a decree of the Assembly President of the Council, and authorised to name his Ministers, which was passed unanimously.

The new Ministry are as follows:—M. Bethmont, Justice; M. Bastide, Foreign Affairs; M. Senard, Interior; General Lamoricière, War; Admiral Leblanc, Marine; M. Goudchaux, Finance; M. Carnot, Public Instruction; M. Recurt, Public Works; M. Tourret, Commerce.

Cavaignac is termed President of the Council.

The most savage atrocities appear to have been committed by some of the insurgents on prisoners who were so unfortunate as to fall into their power. There is a woman, 40 years of age, at present confined in the cellars of the Tuileries, who confesses that she decapitated five officers of the Garde Mobile with a kitchen knife. On the principal barricade of the Faubourg St. Antoine the mutilated body of a Garde Mobile was seen impaled on a stake. The bodies of several of the Garde Mobile were found in the Pantheon hung by the wrists, pierced with sabre and bayonet wounds.

The Assembly has decreed transportation to all concerned in the insurrection, and a trial by martial law to all who were the chief promoters, in a less as well as a greater degree.

—The Sicilian Parliament, sitting at Palermo, has published the list of four candidates for the throne of Sicily. They are, a son of the King of Sardinia, the son of the Duke of Tuscany, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, son of the Prince de Canino (Lucien Bonaparte), and the Prince de Beauharnais.

July 1.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

Parliamentary.—In the Committee on the Sugar question yesterday Mr. Bright moved, that "all the words of it should be left out from the word 'That,' to the end of it, in order to add these words, 'it is not now expedient to make any alteration in the Sugar Duties Act of 1846.'"

In the course of the discussion, Mr. Grantley Berkeley repeated a conversation which had passed between himself, Mr. Cobden, and Mr. Bright in the committee on the Game Laws. Mr. Bright had told him, that "when he (Mr. G. Berkeley) became a legislator, an admirable gamekeeper or poacher was spoiled;" to which he replied, that Mr. Cobden, in consequence of Mr. Bright's pugnacious tendencies on all occasions, had told him, that "if Mr. Bright had not been a Quaker, he would certainly have been a first-rate prizefighter."

Mr. Bright's motion was lost by a large majority.

Paris is calm; and General Cavaignac is hunting out numbers of the insurgents, who have fled from the city into the neighbourhood. He is said to have stated on Monday, at two o'clock, to an officer of the National Guard, who observed to him, "We are victorious, General." "Yes," said the General, "as I am told; but without my old Africans you would have been *done*" (the only word by which the expression attributed to the General can be conveyed). If General Cavaignac used these words, he might truly have said, "without me and my old Africans;" for the fortunate result of the insurrection is universally acknowledged to be in a great measure due to him. The "old Africans" now in Paris are, Cavaignac, Bugeaud, Bedeau, Lamoricière, and Changarnier.

July 3.

COLONIAL.

The intelligence from India reports that the affairs of Moul-tan were growing rather complicated. Moulraj was raising troops and fortifying Moul-tan. He was reported to be preparing 30,000 men for his defence.

The disaffection amongst the Sikh troops was described as extending itself, and some of them were anxious to join the standard of Moulraj. Moulraj had sent 3000 men to occupy Mittemkote, near which all steamers going up the Indus must pass. He is also said to have sent 3000 to intercept Captain Edwardes from Peshawur, but that officer had reached Lahore.

The British authorities at Lahore were on the alert. Artillery, cavalry, and a brigade of infantry, had been sent to protect Govindghur, the celebrated treasury fortress of Lahore, where all the spare money of that state was collected.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The effects of the last week's struggle and carnage in Paris are now being rapidly brought to light. The Military Commission and the Committee of Inquiry are sitting permanently. Very serious insinuations against personages of note unconnected with the Republic are in circulation. The evidence obtained of the origin of the insurrection and its authors is said to be complete. The preparatory examination of the prisoners (now amounting to 8000) is pushed with extraordinary activity, partly because apprehensions are entertained that typhus might be generated by the heaps of men thrown together into insufficient prisons. The wounded are dying in great numbers. It is estimated that the killed and wounded amount to nearly 10,000.

The shops are all open, but there is no trade. The markets are tolerably well supplied; luxuries, however, find but few purchasers.

M. Cormenin, one of the Vice-Presidents of the National Assembly, who was commissioned by General Cavaignac to visit the prisons and the hospitals, has already furnished several reports on the state of the prisoners and of the wounded. There are 1500 prisoners crowded in the prison of the Rue de Tournon. 800 prisoners were thrust into the cellars of the Tuileries and the subterranean passage under the gardens. These cellars are damp, and the infection resulting from the close packing of the prisoners so dangerous, that at the request of M. Cormenin, and by order of General Cavaignac, 450 prisoners have been removed from those cellars, and the remainder are to be transferred to the detached forts of the fortifications of Paris. Many of the wounded insurgents are placed side by side with the wounded National Guards and Garde Mobile in

the hospital of St. Lazare. All receive every care without distinction. There are a number of youths amongst the prisoners, some even under ten years of age.

The number of wounded admitted into the civil hospitals of Paris during the 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th ult., amounted to 1619, namely, 773 civilians, 813 military, and 33 women. The dead carried to these hospitals during the same interval were 162 in number, namely, 127 civilians, 33 military, and 2 women. 195 died in the hospitals within the same period, viz. 115 civilians, 77 military, and 3 women.

The national finances are in a grievous condition. The *Moniteur* publishes the returns of the import duties collected during the month of May last, which only produced 5,473,254 f. In May 1846, they had amounted to 13,117,984 f.; and in 1847 to 11,056,245 f. The receipts of the first five months of 1848 were only 32,260,222 f. In the corresponding period of 1846 they had been 153,914,490 f.; and in 1847, 134,117,730 f.

—The Italian intelligence is not very important. The Government of Milan has declared the capitulation of Vicenza to be null and void in consequence of Radetsky having violated one of its principal articles. A land blockade of the city of Venice has been established.

The *Contemporaneo* of Rome of the 20th, states that the Upper Chamber at Rome has, in conformity with the Lower one, adopted the resolution to continue the war. Corps of volunteers are forming in every part of the Roman States and Tuscany; and a new body set out from Florence on the 21st, after having been reviewed by the Grand Duke.

—A steamer from Hamburgh reports the conclusion of peace as being a settled thing between the Danes and the Confederation, and says that the National Assembly at Frankfurt has decided, after a long sitting, that the Archduke John of Austria was elected sole head of the provisional central power.

—The public spirit of the provinces of Prussia is exceedingly embittered against the capital. The provincials refuse to recognise the acts of the National Assembly, as deliberating under the influence of fear. The rumours of the advance of the Russians are incessant, and occasion great anxiety.

July 4.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

Parliamentary.—In the Committee on Sugar in the House of Commons last night, Sir J. Pakington defended himself from the censure which Lord J. Russell had twice cast upon him for having caused unnecessary embarrassment and delay by the course which he had pursued on this subject, and moved as an amendment that there should be imposed from the 5th of July next a differential duty of 10s. in favour of colonial sugar. He proposed to levy this duty not by raising the duty on foreign sugar, but by lowering it on colonial sugar. He contended, on the one hand, that no measure short of this would have any effect in restoring the prosperity of the British Colonies; and, on the other, that this alteration of the duty would not be injurious either to the consumer or to the revenue. A long and uninteresting debate ensued, after which the resolution was put to the vote and lost.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The continental intelligence is all peaceable. Paris is tranquil; the disarming of the disaffected goes on, and about 150,000 muskets have already been brought in. M. Carnot, the Minister of Public Instruction, has presented a draught of a decree to the National Assembly, enacting that a primary school shall be established in every commune in France containing more than 300 inhabitants. Those communes which contain less than 300 inhabitants are to unite with one or more of the neighbouring districts in order to form a school. The course of education is to comprise reading, writing, the elements of the French language, arithmetic, natural history, the principles of agriculture and of manufactures, drawing, singing, French history, geography, a knowledge of the rights and duties of a man and of a citizen, the elementary precepts of medicine, and exercises calculated to improve the physical development of the pupils. The decree confers on the ministers of the different religious creeds the right to instruct their several flocks in their religious duties. The decree renders it obligatory on parents to send their children to school. The cost of these schools to the nation at large is estimated at 47,420,350f. (1,896,800l.)

—In the Berlin Chamber an explanation has been given by the President of the Cabinet, Von Auerswald, in reply to a question as to the conduct of the English and Russian Governments in the late Danish negotiations, and the retreat of General Wrangel from Jutland. Von Auerswald assured the Assembly that no hostile note had ever been received from the Cabinet of Russia.

July 5.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

The debates in Parliament last night were unimportant.

—In Dublin the Grand Jury have found a true bill against Mr. Devin Reilly, on a charge of illegal training and drilling.

At a meeting of the Catholic Prelates, held in the College of Maynooth on Wednesday last, it was resolved that the following resolutions should be republished:—Extract from the Minutes of the proceedings of the Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, assembled at the Parochial House, Marlborough Street, Dublin, on the 28th of June, 1834, the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, presiding.

"That our chapels are not to be used in future for the purpose of holding therein any public meeting except in cases connected with charity or religion; and that we do hereby pledge ourselves to carry this resolution into effect in our respective dioceses.

"That whilst we do not intend to interfere with the civil rights of those entrusted to our care, yet as guardians of religion, justly apprehending that its general interests, as well as the honour of the priesthood, would be compromised by a deviation from the line of conduct which we marked out for ourselves and impressed upon the minds of our clergy in our pastoral address of the year 1830, we do hereby pledge ourselves, on our return to our respective dioceses, to remind our clergy of the instructions we then addressed to them, and to recommend to them most earnestly to avoid in future any allusion at their altars to political subjects, and carefully to refrain from connecting themselves with political clubs, acting as chairman or secretaries at political meetings, or moving or seconding resolutions on such occasions; in order that we exhibit ourselves in all things in the character of our sacred calling, as ministers of Christ and dispensers of the mysteries of God.

"+ D. MURRAY, Archbishop."

FOREIGN NEWS.

Paris remained perfectly tranquil yesterday. The measures proposed by General Cavaignac and by the Minister of Finance in the Assembly on Monday were received with general satisfaction. They include a decree for the suppression of the national workshops. It was understood that the army of the Alps would be dissolved, and a large portion of the troops comprising it encamped near Paris. An entirely pacific system, at home and abroad, was said to be resolved on by General Cavaignac.

—The most perfect tranquillity prevailed at Rome on the 25th. The President of the supreme Roman Council, Monsignor Muzzarelli, had resigned that post. The Roman Chambers had decreed a levy of 20,000 men, and a war-tax of two millions of scudi (400,000l.).

The Grand Duke of Tuscany opened the Parliament in person on the 26th.

Letters from Naples of the 23d ult. state that the King continued to be an object of universal animadversion, and that he must ultimately fall. The insurrection in Calabria was successfully kept in check by the Royal troops, notwithstanding the co-operation of 2000 or 3000 Sicilians, who had landed in the country.

July 6.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

The Irish Government is taking further measures against the violent party of the Repealers. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of Mr. John Martin, of Lougharne, the registered proprietor of the *Irish Felon*, on a charge of felony, under the provisions of the Crown and Government Security Act. The offence is not a bailable one.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Paris continued to be perfectly tranquil on Tuesday afternoon. Confidence in the Government was on the increase. The Three per Cents rose a quarter per cent on the Bourse on Tuesday, and the Five per Cents one and a half per cent. All was quiet round the Palace of the National Assembly. Preparations were being made for the funeral ceremony fixed for to-day. The front of the Palace, facing the river, and that of the church of the Madeleine, were already partly hung in black, and workmen were actively engaged in erecting the altar at the entrance of the Champs Elysées. The funeral service is to be performed by a prelate, a member of the National Assembly. At the conclusion of the service the remains of the victims are to be deposited under the Column of July. The corners of the pall are to be held by members of the National Assembly, delegates from the National Guard of Paris, the suburbs, and the departments, the Garde Mobile, and the army. A funeral service is to be performed the same day in all the places of worship in Paris, and in every commune in France.

More than 5000 of the prisoners captured after the late insurrection have been already interrogated. The next proceeding will be to designate those taken with arms in their hands, and who have thus incurred the penalty of transportation to the colonies, in conformity with the decree of the National Assembly.

It was believed that the police agents had discovered the

individual who fired at the Archbishop, and who subsequently stripped him of his sash, to which gold ornaments were attached, and which he wore over his pontifical habit. It appears that a grocer's shopman, named Manchon, has been identified as having several times exhibited with a certain ostentation a portion of the Bishop's sash. When arrested and interrogated, Manchon admitted that he was at the barricade in the Rue de Charenton, and that he there saw one of his comrades in possession of the Bishop's sash. He asked him for it, but the other refused to give it. Whilst they were disputing for its possession, a third man cut the sash in two parts with his sabre, and he took one. Manchon added, that subsequently, fearing that the possession of the portion of the sash might compromise him, he had destroyed it. He afterwards, however, confessed that his portion of the sash still exists; and M. Bourton, the Commissary of Police appointed to investigate the affair, has discovered half the Bishop's sash and the gold ornament attached in Manchon's lodging.

—The *Piedmontese Gazette* announces that a column of Austrian troops, 2000 strong, with two pieces of artillery, had attacked the heights of Stelvio, and been repulsed by the Italians after an engagement of eight hours.

Miscellaneous.

ORIGIN OF DOTHEBOYS HALL.

MR. DICKENS, in the new edition of *Nicholas Nickleby*, gives the following account of his description of the Yorkshire schools:

I cannot call to mind, now, [he says] how I came to hear about Yorkshire schools when I was a not very robust child, sitting in bye-places, near Rochester Castle, with a head full of Partridge, Strap, Tom Pipes, and Sancho Panza, but I know that my first impressions of them were picked up at that time, and that they were somehow or other connected with a suppurated abscess that some boy had come home with, in consequence of his Yorkshire guide, philosopher, and friend, having ripped it open with an inky penknife. The impression made upon me, however made, never left me. I was always curious about them—fell, long afterwards, and at sundry times, into the way of hearing more about them—at last, having an audience, resolved to write about them. With that intent I went down into Yorkshire before I began this book, in very severe winter-time, which is pretty faithfully described herein. As I wanted to see a schoolmaster or two, and was forewarned that those gentlemen might, in their modesty, be shy of receiving a visit from the author of the *Pickwick Papers*, I consulted with a professional friend here, who had a Yorkshire connexion, and with whom I concerted a pious fraud. He gave me some letters of introduction, in the name, I think, of my travelling companion; they bore reference to a supposititious little boy who had been left with a widowed mother who didn't know what to do with him; the poor lady had thought, as a means of thawing the tardy compassion of her relations in his behalf, of sending him to a Yorkshire school; I was the poor lady's friend, travelling that way; and if the recipient of the letter could inform me of a school in his neighbourhood, the writer would be very much obliged. I went to several places in that part of the country where I understood these schools to be most plentifully sprinkled, and had no occasion to deliver a letter until I came to a certain town which shall be nameless. The person to whom it was addressed was not at home; but he came down at night, through the snow, to the inn where I was staying. It was after dinner; and he needed little persuasion to sit down by the fire in a warm corner, and take his share of the wine that was on the table. I am afraid he is dead now. I recollect he was a jovial, ruddy, broad-faced man; that we got acquainted directly; and that we talked on all kinds of subjects, except the school, which he shewed a great anxiety to avoid. "Was there any large school near?" I asked him, in reference to the letter. "Oh yes," he said; "there was a ratty big 'un." "Was it a good one?" I asked. "Ey!" he said, "it was as good as another, that was a' a matther of pinion," and fell to looking at the fire, staring round the room, and whistling a little. On my reverting to some other topic that we had been discussing, he recovered immediately; but, though I tried him again and again, I never approached the question of the school, even if he were in the middle of a laugh, without observing that his countenance fell, and that he became uncomfortable. At last, when we had passed a couple of hours or so, very agreeably, he suddenly took up his hat, and leaning over the table, and looking me full in the face, and in a low voice: "Weel, Misther, we've been vary pleasant together, and ar'll spak' my moind tiv'ee. Dinnot let the weedur send her lattle boy to yan o' our school-measters, while there's a harse to hoold in a' Lunnun, or a gootther to lie asleep in. Ar wouldn't mak' ill words amang my neeburs, and ar speak tiv'ee quiet loike. But I'm dom'd if ar can gang

to bed and not tellee, for weedur's sak', to keep the lattle boy from a' sike scoondrels while there's a harse to hoold in a' Lunnun, or a gootther to lie asleep in!" Repeating these words with great heartiness, and with a solemnity on his jolly face that made it look twice as large as before, he shook hands and went away. I never saw him afterwards, but I sometimes imagine that I descry a faint recollection of him in John Bowdie.

EXPERIMENTS WITH MODEL PARACHUTES.—On Monday afternoon Lieutenant Gale, accompanied by Mr. Van Buren and another gentleman, ascended in a balloon from the gardens of Cremorne House, for the purpose of testing, by experimental models, in the cars or seats of which monkeys were placed, the relative merits and defects of the parachutes used by M. Gannerin, Mr. Cocking, and Mr. Hampton. The ascent was a fine one; there was little wind, and the sky being clear a good opportunity was afforded to the spectators to form an opinion of the parachutes, which were let off simultaneously when the balloon was at an immense elevation. That made after the plan of Mr. Cocking descended with great rapidity, exhibiting oscillations that shewed it to be constructed on a bad principle. M. Gannerin's descended more slowly, and heeled less, preserving a tolerably upright attitude. But Mr. Hampton's was obviously the best; it preserved a perfect perpendicular throughout the whole of its descent, and came down steadily, and without any dangerous rapidity. The monkeys were brought back in safety to the grounds.

AGENTS FOR INDIA.

Calcutta: Colvin, Ansley, Cowie, and Co.; Rosario and Co.
Bombay: Woller and Co.; J. A. Briggs.
Madras: Binney and Co.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

—THIS EVENING will be performed, Rossini's Opera IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA. Rosina, Madame Persiana; Bertha, Madame Bellini; Almaviva, Signor Salvi; Figaro, Signor Tamburini; Bartolo, Signor Rovere; Basilio, Signor Tagliafico; Fiorello, Signor Soldi. After which will be given a Scene from BETLY, in which Mdlle. Alboni will appear. Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. Costa.—To conclude with the Ballet of LA ROBIERA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—THIS EVENING

will be performed, Donizetti's Opera DON PASQUALE. Norina, Madame Tadolini; Dr. Malatesta, Signor Belletti; Ernesto, Signor Labocetta; and Don Pasquale, Signor Lablache. To conclude with the Ballet Divertissement entitled LES QUATRE SAISONS.

VAUXHALL.—UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS.

The most brilliant assemblages of rank and fashion have nightly honoured the Gardens to witness the extraordinary and unparalleled performances of Juba, mentioned by Boz in his "American Notes," and of Pell, the celebrated Bone Player, and his corps of Ethiopian Serenaders. Grand Equestrian Entertainment; Mr. T. Barry, Clown. Vocal and Instrumental Concert. Band of 60 performers under the direction of Herr Redl. Colossal View of Constantinople. Brilliant Illuminations and Fireworks.—Admission, 2s. 6d. Doors open at 8.

On Monday a brilliant Fête al fresco and Public Breakfast, in aid of the Society for Distressed Needlewomen.

CREMORNE—EVERY DAY (except SATURDAY).

Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert. Laurent's Band of 50 Performers. Bal d'Été. Brilliant success of the new Ballet of "Tele-machus." Grand Illuminated Pagoda, Orchestra, and Monstre Platform for Dancing, Illuminated Arcadian Grove, gigantic Firework Temple, and brilliant Pyrotechnic Display, by Mortram. Tyrolean Brass Band. Wonderful performances of the Silvani Family. Switzerland by Moonlight, the new magnificent Suspension Bridge. Gipsy's Home, Swiss Cottage, River esplanade, &c.—Admission, 1s.

On Saturdays the Gardens are open for Promenade and Refreshment; and on Sundays, after Four o'clock.

N.B. Lieutenant Gale will make his first night ascent in the New Balloon, the "Royal Cremorne," on Monday Evening, at Ten o'clock precisely, and discharge from the car a magnificent feu d'artifice by the Chevalier Mortram, at an altitude of 500 feet.

ROYAL SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—

Under the especial patronage of her Majesty.—View of Rome. —Superb Menagerie; the greatest wonder of natural history, a Tigress and Dog in the same den!—M. Jullien and his unrivalled Band; grand selection of Ancient and Modern Music; the Stabat Mater; Mozart's Jupiter Symphony; La Figlia del Reggimento; a new Quadrille by Jullien; a new Polka by König; and several songs by Mdlle. Lovarny and Miss Huddart; concluding with a magnificent display of fireworks by the Messrs. Southby, never excelled on the Continent or elsewhere.

Doors open at 10 A.M.—Feeding the animals at 5.—Concert at a quarter past 6.—Fireworks at half-past 9.

MOURNING.—MR. PUGH, in returning his

acknowledgments for the highly distinguished patronage he has so long and liberally received, begs to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and Public in general, that his Maison de Deuil is RE-OPENED, since the recent enlargement of the premises, with the most extensive and general assortment of MOURNING, of every description, ever submitted to the Public.

163 and 165 Regent Street, two doors from Burlington Street.

IMPORTANT PATENT IMPROVEMENT in CHRONOMETERS and WATCHES.—E. J. DENT, 82 STRAND, and 33 COCKSPUR STREET, by special appointment Chronometer, Watch, and Clockmaker to the Queen, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, and who obtained the high distinction of receiving the Government Reward for the unparalleled performance of the best Chronometer ever submitted to twelve months' public trial, begs to acquaint the public that the MANUFACTURE of his WATCHES, CHRONOMETERS, and CLOCKS, is SECURED to him by THREE SEPARATE PATENTS, respectively granted in 1836, 1840, and 1842. Silver Lever Watches, jewelled in four holes, 6s. 6s. each: in gold cases, from 8s. to 10s. extra. Gold Horizontal Watches, with gold dials, from 8s. 6s. to 12s. 12s. each. Dent's "Appendix" to his recent work on "Time-keepers" is now ready for circulation.

Silver and Electro-Plate Superseded

BY RICHARD AND JOHN SLACK'S CHEMICALLY PURIFIED NICKEL SILVER.

A GOOD substitute for SILVER has long been sought after, and numerous have been the attempts to produce a perfect metal that will retain its colour when in use. How fruitless the attempts have been, the public know too well from the fact, that all their purchases have, after a few days' wear, exhibited a colour little better than brass. The very severe tests that have been applied to our metal (which in all cases it has withstood), at once places it pre-eminent above all others, and from its silver-like appearance, its intrinsic and valuable properties, give us confidence in asserting that it is, and must remain, the ONLY PURE AND PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.

	Fiddle Pattern.
Table-spoons and Forks, per dozen	12s. and 15s.
Dessert ditto and ditto	10s. and 13s.
Tea ditto	5s. and 6s.
Strongest Fiddle.	Thread Pattern.
19s.	28s.
16s.	21s.
8s.	11s.
	King's and Victoria Pattern.
	30s.
	25s.
	12s.

Cruet Frames with rich Cut Glasses, from 22s.

Table Candlesticks, 12s. per pair.

Tea-sets, and every article for the Table, at proportionate prices.

R. and J. S. beg to caution the public against several spurious imitations of their Articles, which are daily offered to the public as Albata British Plate. The genuine are to be had only at their Establishment, 336 STRAND, opposite Somerset House, where no inferior goods are kept.

FENDERS, FIRE-IRONS, &c.

RICHARD and JOHN SLACK are now offering the most extensive and elegant assortment of Fenders in London, embracing the newest designs, at prices 30 per cent under any other house. Ornamental Iron Fenders, 3 feet long, 4s. 6d.; 3 feet 6 inches, 5s. 3d.; 4 feet, 6s.; ditto, bronzed, from 6s.; Bedroom Fenders, from 2s. 6d.; rich Scroll Fenders, with Steel Spear, any size, from 10s. Chamber Fire-irons, 1s. 9d. per set; Parlour ditto, 3s. 6d.; superior ditto, with cut head and bright pans, from 6s. 6d.; new patterns, with bronzed head, 11s.; ditto, with ormolu and China heads, at proportionate prices.

BALANCE IVORY TABLE-KNIVES, 10s. per dozen; Dessert do. 9s.; Carvers, 3s. 6d. per pair. White bone Table-knives, 6s.; Dessert ditto, 4s.; Carvers, 2s. per pair. Superior Kitchen Table-knives and Forks, from 6s. 6d. per dozen. Table-knives, with pure Nickel Silver, Tables, 22s. per dozen; Dessert ditto, 18s.; Carvers, 6s. 6d. per pair, all marked RICHARD and JOHN SLACK, and warranted.

A SET OF THREE FULL-SIZED TEA-TRAYS, 6s. 6d.; superior Japan Gothic ditto, 13s. 6d.; Gothic paper ditto, 33s. Patent Dish Covers, set of six for 17s. Roasting Jack, complete, 7s. 6d.; Brass ditto, 9s. 6d. Coal Scuttles, from 1s. 6d.; and every description of Furnishing Ironmongery 30 per cent under any other house.

SHOWER-BATHS, WITH CURTAINS, 9s.

RICHARD and JOHN SLACK, in submitting the above prices, beg it to be understood, it is for articles of the best quality only.

The extensive patronage their establishment has received during a period of nearly thirty years (1818), will be some proof the public have not been deceived; but as a further guarantee, they will continue to exchange any article not approved of, or return the money, it being their intention to sell only such articles as will do them credit, and give satisfaction by their durability.

Richard and John Slack, 336 Strand, Opposite Somerset House.

* * Their Illustrated Catalogue may be had gratis, or sent to any part post free.

ESTABLISHED 1818.

The Money returned for every Article not approved of.

FAMED THROUGHOUT THE GLOBE.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—DISORDER OF THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. J. K. Heydon, dated 78 King Street, Sydney New South Wales, the 30th September, 1847.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—I have the pleasure to inform you that Stuart A. Donaldson, Esq., an eminent merchant and agriculturist, and also a magistrate of this town, called on me on the 18th instant, and purchased your medicines to the amount of Fourteen Pounds, to be forwarded to his Sheep Stations in New England. He stated that one of his Overseers had come to Sydney some time previously for medical aid, his disorder being an affection of the Liver and Kidneys; that he had placed the man for three months under the care of one of the best Surgeons, without any good resulting from the treatment: the man then, in despair, used your Pills and Ointment, and, much to his own and Mr. Donaldson's astonishment, was completely restored to his health by their means. Now this surprising cure was effected in about ten days.

(Signed) J. K. HEYDON.

Sold at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 244 Strand (near Temple Bar), London, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the civilised world, at the following prices:—1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B. Directions for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder are affixed to each Box.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE.

ROYAL ACADEMY of ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY is now OPEN. Admission (from Eight o'clock till Seven), One Shilling. Catalogue, One Shilling.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R. A., Sec.

THE REV. FATHER IGNATIUS, of the Congregation of the Passion, formerly the Hon. and Rev. GEORGE SPENCER, who has been employed in the Midland and Lancashire Districts since the commencement of this year, in collecting Subscriptions for the Church and Convent of his order which are in progress of building at ASTON HALL in Staffordshire, is now come to London to pursue the same object.

The Building is after the designs and under the direction of CHARLES HANSON, Esq. The Nave and Northern Aisle of the Church are covered in, and have been already used, though the regular opening is deferred till St. Michael's-day, the Church being to be consecrated under the invocation of St. Michael, Principal Patron of the Congregation. The Community are happy in having been able to meet all payments hitherto without incurring debt, but much is yet wanted for the remainder of the work.

THE CHURCH of ST. JOHN the EVANGELIST, SALFORD, will be solemnly dedicated on WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9th.

The Clergy are requested to assist in Surplice and Berretta.

For Cards of Admission, apply to Mr. FURNISS, St. Ann's Square, Manchester.

JOSEPH LOADER, FURNITURE and LOOK-ING-GLASS MANUFACTURER, 23 PAVEMENT, FINSBURY.

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Solid Rosewood Chairs, French polished	0 15 0	each to 1 2 0
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Patent Reclining Chairs, with leg rest, stuffed all hair, in morocco leather, on patent castors	6 0 0	" 8 10 0
Mahogany Lounging Chairs, carved throughout, spring stuffed, in morocco, on patent castors	3 4 0	" 3 10 0
Couches, with loose squabs, all hair	2 15 0	" 3 15 0
Mahogany Loo Tables, French polished	2 11 0	" 2 14 0
Rosewood ditto, on pillars	3 10 0	" 4 8 0
Rosewood Cheffonières, with carved back and marble tops, three feet carved	3 5 0	" 3 10 0
Four-feet carved Mahogany Sideboard, with draws and four doors, cellarets, and trays complete, French polished	4 12 0	" 5 15 6
Mahogany Dining Tables, with sliding frames, loose leaves, and castors	3 12 6	" 5 5 0
Mahogany Bedsteads, with cornices or poles, sacking or lath bottom, polished	4 0 0	" 4 15 0
Superior ditto, massive pillars, carved, double screwed, and bracketed round	6 6 0	" 7 15 6
Three-feet-six-inch Elliptic Wash-stands, marble tops	2 12 6	" 3 12 6
Dressing Tables en suite	2 5 0	" 2 11 0
Winged Wardrobes, with drawers in centres	8 10 0	" 15 0 0
Three-feet Mahogany or Japanned Chest of Drawers	1 5 0	" 1 15 0
Chamber Chairs, with cane or willow seats	0 3 0	" 0 5 0
Chimney Glasses, in Gilt Frames, 30 by 18, to 40 by 24 inches	2 1 0	" 3 17 0
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NOTICE

For the convenience of the Trade, a Central Office for the publication of the RAMBLER has been opened at No. 19 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, where Advertisements are received by Mr. S. EVANS until 12 o'clock on Thursday in every week.

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